



Engraved by Goussier from a drawing by W. L. Brown, taken from a painting of Sir Godfrey Kneller's.

DR. GARTH.

Printed for C. Cook, May 1728.



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GARTH'S POEMS,
forming part of
Cooke's Pocket Edition of
the Original & Complete Works of
SELECT BRITISH POETS,
or Entertaining Poetical Library,
containing the most Esteemed
Poetic Productions
Superbly Embellished.



Drawn by J. G. Smith. Engraved by W. H. B. H. H.
Vide Claremont Line 247. Page 88.
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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
SIR SAM. GARTH, M. D.
WITH
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Cooke's Edition.

As when the people of the northern zone
Find the approach of the revolving sun,
Pleas'd and reviv'd, they see the new-born light,
And dread no more eternity of night:
Thus we, who lately, as of summer's heat,
Have felt a dearth of poetry and wit,
Once fear'd Apollo would return no more
From warmer climes to an ungrateful shore.
But you, the favourite of the tuneful nine,
Have made the God in his full lustre shine;
Our night have chang'd into a glorious day;
And reach'd perfection in your first essay.
So the young eagle, that his force would try,
Faces the sun, and towers it to the sky.

Blount.

EMBELLISHED WITH SUPERB ENGRAVINGS.

London:

Printed for C. COOKE, No. 17, Paternoster;
And sold by all the Bookellers in
Great-Britain and
Ireland,

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
SIR SAM. CARPENT. M. D.
WITH
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.



Printed by J. JOHNSON, Strand.
LONDON.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
SIR SAM. GARTH, M. D.

Containing

THE DISPENSARY,
CLAREMONT,
EPISTLES.

PROLOGUES,
EPILOGUES,
IMITATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

Let Garth, with sharp but salutary spleen,
As music gentle, but as lightning keen,
In *physic's* mock solemnity appear,
Or with *correct descriptions* charm your ear.

Anon. Epistle to a Lady.

London :

PRINTED AND EMBELLISHED
Under the Direction of
C. COOKE.



LIFE OF GARTH.

SAMUEL GARTH was descended from a good family in Yorkshire, and, having been instructed in classical learning at a school in his own country, he became a scholar of Peter-house College, in Cambridge, where he prosecuted his studies till he commenced Doctor of Physic, in the month of July, 1691.

On his coming to London, in order to follow his profession, he passed his examination before the College of Physicians, on the 12th of March, 1692, and was admitted a Fellow on the 26th of July in the same year.

By the elegance of his manners, and the attraction of his conversation, he acquired so great a degree of personal esteem as to obtain a very extensive practice, and, as it is recorded in a pamphlet of those times, had the favour and confidence of one political party, as Radcliffe had of the other.

Garth was universally respected as a man of exemplary benevolence, which, doubtless, disposed him to concur with the majority of the college, in adopting a proposition for a subscription among the members, to accommodate the poor with medicines at prime cost, by preparing them in a proper dispensatory for that purpose. The following account of that humane and truly benevolent institution, from the pen of Dr. Johnson, is highly deserving of notice.

"Whether," says that excellent writer, "what Temple says be true, that physicians have had more learning than the other faculties, I will not stay to inquire; but I believe every man has found in physicians great liberality and dignity of sentiment, very prompt effusion of beneficence and willingness to exert a lucrative art, where there is no hope of lucre. Agreeably to this character, the college of physicians, in July 1687, published an edict, requiring all the fellows, candidates, and licentiates, to give gratuitous advice to the neighbouring poor.

"This edict was sent to the Court of Aldermen, and a question being put to whom the appellation of *poor* should be extended, the College answered, that it should be sufficient to bring a testimonial from a clergyman officiating in the parish where the patient resided.

"After a year's experience, the physicians found their charity frustrated by some malignant opposition, and rendered, in a great degree, vain, by the high price of physic; they therefore voted, in August 1688, that the laboratory of the college should be accommodated to the preparation of medicines, and another room prepared for their recep-

tion; and that the contributors to the expence should manage the charity.

"It was now expected that the apothecaries would have undertaken the care of providing medicines; but they took another course:—thinking the whole design pernicious to their interest, they endeavoured to raise a faction against it in the college, and found some physicians mean enough to solicit their patronage, by betraying to them the counsels of the college. The greater part, however, enforced, by a new edict in 1694, the former order of 1687, and sent it to the Mayor and Aldermen, who appointed a committee to treat with the college, and settle the mode of administering the charity.

"It was desired by the Aldermen, that the testimonials of churchwardens and overseers should be admitted, and that all hired servants, and all apprentices to handicraftsmen, should be considered as *poor*. This likewise was granted by the college.

"It was then considered who should distribute the medicines, and who should settle their prices. The physicians procured some apothecaries to undertake the dispensation, and offered that the warden and company of the apothecaries should adjust the price. This offer was rejected, and the apothecaries who had engaged to assist the charity were considered as traitors to the company, threatened with the imposition of troublesome offices, and deterred from the performance of their engagements. The apothecaries ventured upon public opposition, and presented a kind of remonstrance against the design, to the committee of the city, which the physicians condescended to confute; and at last the traders seem to have prevailed among the sons of trade, for the proposal of the college having been considered, a paper of approbation was drawn up, but postponed and forgotten.

"The physicians still persisted, and, in 1696, a subscription was raised by themselves according to an agreement prefixed to the dispensary. The poor were for a time supplied with medicines; for how long a time, I know not. The medical charity, like others, began with ardour, but soon remitted, and at last died gradually away.

"About the time of the subscription begins the action of the *Dispensary*. The poem, as its subject was present and popular, co-operated with passions and prejudices then prevalent, and with such auxiliaries to its intrinsic merit, was universally and liberally applauded. It was on the side of charity, against the intrigues of interest, and of regular learning against licentious usurpation of medical authority,

and was therefore naturally favoured by those who read and can judge of poetry."

The poem was dedicated to Anthony Henley, Esq. and had commendatory verses before it, by Charles Boyle, afterwards Earl of Orrery, and others, and went through three impressions in the course of a few months.

In 1697 our author spoke the *Harveian* Oration before the college in Warwick Lane, "to the great satisfaction of the auditors, and his own honour," as is expressed in the register of the college. The applause with which it was received by the college, was confirmed by the public, who, in this instance, testified almost an equal admiration of the poet, who exposed, in the most elegant satire, the mean-spirited intrigues of the false brethren of the faculty, and of the orator, who ridiculed, with just spirit and inimitable humour, the mischievous knavery of the multifarious classes of infamous empirics. In the *Harveian* Oration he introduced an animated apostrophe to King William, and an eloquent encomium on the blessings of the revolution.

On the death of Dryden in 1701, he performed a memorable act of generosity and tenderness, in providing a suitable interment to his shamefully abandoned corpse, which he caused to be brought to the College of Physicians, proposed and encouraged a subscription for defraying the expence of a funeral, pronounced an oration over the great poet's remains, and afterwards attended the solemnity from Warwick Lane to Westminster Abbey. For this testimony of respect to the remains of Dryden, the memory of Dr. Garth will be revered, by the admirers of the great father of English poetry, to latest posterity.

In 1703 Dr. Garth was elected one of the censors of the College of Physicians, and the following year, being a zealous assertor of the principles of the Revolution, he became a member of the Kit-kat-club, which consisted of a number of noblemen and gentlemen distinguished by a warm zeal for the succession in the House of Hanover. This club received its name from one Christopher Kat, a pastry-cook, who, living near the tavern in King-Street, Westminster, where they met, served them with many articles which constituted the more luxurious and ornamental parts of their convivial entertainments. Old Jacob Tonson, the bookseller, was their secretary, and the portraits of all the original members of the club, painted by Kneller, were long in the possession of his family at Barn-elms.

In concert with Lord Halifax, and other members of the club, who recommended loyalty and liberty by the attractive influence of wit and pleasantry, our author furnished a number of epigrams, and little improprios, which added to

the hilarity of their meetings, and rendered him a very entertaining and desirable companion; and thus he enjoyed with great moderation, the sunshine of court favour, during the administration of Lord Godolphin. In 1710, when the reins of government fell into other hands, he addressed to his patron a short poem, which was severely criticised by Prior in the *Examiner*, a paper set up in defence of the new ministry, and so successfully defended by Addison in the *Whig Examiner*, that Dr. Johnson, who was no friend to the party, declares, it ought to be preserved for the sake of the vindication. Indeed, it was universally acknowledged to reflect additional honour on the poet and the verses.

In 1711 he wrote a dedication for an intended edition of Lucretius, to the Elector of Hanover; and at the accession of that Prince to the British throne, his merits were acknowledged and rewarded. He was knighted with the sword of his hero Marlborough, made physician in ordinary to the king, and physician-general to the army.

In 1715 he published a poem entitled *Claremont*, addressed to the Earl of Clare, afterwards Duke of Newcastle, on his giving that name to his beautiful and magnificent villa, near Esher in Surrey. He then undertook an edition of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, translated by several hands, to which he contributed a version of the fourteenth book, and prefixed a critical and commendatory preface.

This was his last work. His health now visibly declined, which caused a general concern. Granville, afterwards Lord Lansdowne, though of the opposite party, testified his sensibility in strains worthy of Waller—

“Machaon sick' in every face we find;

“His danger is the danger of mankind,” &c.

He died Jan. 18, 1717-18, and was interred in the church of Harrow-on-the-Hill.

The personal character of Garth was social and liberal. His benevolence was as active as it was extensive. His hand and heart went together, a circumstance more valuable than all the lustre that genius can confer. He communicated himself through a very wide extent of acquaintance, and though firm in a party, at a time when firmness included virulence, yet he imparted his kindness to those who were not supposed to favour his principles. He was an early encourager of Pope, and was at once the friend of Addison and Granville.

“The best natured of men,” says Pope, in one of his letters, “Sir Samuel Garth, has left me in the truest concern for his loss. His death was very heroic, and yet un-

affected enough to have made a saint or philosopher famous. But ill tongues and worse hearts have branded his last moments, as wrongfully as they did his life, with irreligion. You must have heard many tales upon this subject: but if ever there was a good Christian, without knowing himself to be so, it was Dr. Garth."

Dr. Johnson says, that "Pope declared himself convinced that Garth died in the communion of the church of Rome, having been privately convinced; and further observes, that it is remarked, by Lowth, late Bishop of London, a prelate eminently learned, that there is less distance than is thought between scepticism and popery, and that a mind, wearied with perpetual doubt, willingly seeks repose in the bosom of an infallible church;" an observation very congenial to the religious principles of Johnson.

His poems were collected and printed by Tonson, among "The Works of the Minor Poets," in two volumes, duodecimo, 1749. The *Dispensary* and *Claremont* are sufficiently known and admired, particularly the *Dispensary*, of which it is observed, that "it is only inferior in humour, discrimination of character, and poetical ardour, to the Rape of the Lock." His *Claremont* is in the manner of Ovid, and has many of the beauties and defects of his favourite author.

"His poetry," says Dr. Johnson, "has been praised at least equal to its merits. In the *Dispensary* there is a strain of smooth and free versification, but few lines are eminently elegant. No passages fall below mediocrity, and few rise much above it. The plan seems formed without just proportion to the subject; the means and end have no necessary connexion. Resnel, in his preface to Pope's Essay, remarks, that Garth exhibits no discrimination of characters; and that what any one says might with equal propriety have been said by another. The general design is perhaps open to criticism; but the composition can seldom be charged with inaccuracy or negligence. The author never slumbers in self-indulgence; his full vigour is always exerted; scarce a line is left unfinished; nor is it easy to find an expression used by constraint, or a thought imperfectly expressed. It was remarked by Pope, that the *Dispensary* had been corrected in every edition, and that every change was an improvement."

His translations and petty pieces have nothing in them very remarkable; but, upon the whole, candour must acknowledge, that Dr. Garth was respectable as a poet, but infinitely more so as a man.

THE DISPENSARY.

A POEM.

IN SIX CANTOS.

“---Hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim.”

Hor. de Arte Poet.

TO ANTHONY HENLY, ESQ.

A man of your character can no more prevent a dedication, than he would encourage one; for merit, like a virgin's blushes, is still most discovered, when it labours most to be concealed.

It is hard, that to think well of you, should be but justice, and to tell you so, should be an offence; thus, rather than violate your modesty, I must be wanting to your other virtues; and, to gratify one good quality, do wrong to a thousand.

The world generally measures our esteem by the ardour of our pretences; and will scarce believe that so much zeal in the heart can be consistent with so much faintness in the expression; but when they reflect on your readiness to do good, and your industry to hide it; on your passion to oblige, and your pain to hear it owned; they will conclude that acknowledgments would be ungrateful to a person who even seems to receive the obligations he confers.

But though I should persuade myself to be silent upon all occasions; those more polite arts, which, till of late, have languished and decayed, would appear under their present advantages, and own you for one of their generous restorers; insomuch, that sculpture now breathes, painting speaks, music ravishes; and as you help to refine our taste, you distinguish your own.

Your approbation of this poem, is the only exception to the opinion the world has of your judgment, that ought to relish nothing so much as what you write yourself; but you are resolved to forget to be a critic, by remembering you are a friend. To say more, would be uneasy to you; and to say less, would be unjust in

Your humble Servant.

SINCE the following poem in a manner stole into the world, I could not be surpris'd to find it incorrect, tho' I can no more say I was a stranger to its coming abroad, than that I approv'd of the publisher's precipitation in doing it; for a hurry in the execution generally produces a leisure in reflection; so when we run the fastest, we stumble the ofteneft. However, the errors of the printer have not been greater than the candour of the reader: and if I could but say the same of the defects of the author, he would need no justification against the cavils of some furious critics, who I am sure would have been better pleas'd if they had met with more faults.

Their grand objection is, that the fury Disease is an improper machine to recite characters, and recommend the example of present writers: but though I had the authority of some Greek and Latin poets, upon parallel instances, to justify the design; yet, that I might not introduce anything that seem'd inconsistent, or hard, I started this objection, myself, to a gentleman, very remarkable in this sort of criticism, who would by no means allow that the contrivance was forced, or the conduct incongruous.

Disease is represented a fury, as well as Envy: she is imagin'd to be forced, by an incantation, from her recess; and, to be revenged on the exorcist, mortifies him with an introduction of several persons eminent in an accomplishment he has made some advances in.

Nor is the compliment less to any great genius mentioned there; since a very fiend, who naturally repines at any excellency, is forced to confess how happily they have all succeeded.

Their next objection is, that I have imitated the *Lutrin* of Monsieur Boileau. I must own, I am proud of the imputation; unless their quarrel be, that I have not done it enough: but he that will give himself the trouble of examining, will find I have copied him in nothing but in two or three lines in the complaint of Moleffe, Canto II. and in one in his first Canto; the sense of which line is entirely his, and I could wish it were not the only good one in mine.

I have spok'd to the most material objections I have heard of, and shall tell these gentlemen, that for every fault they pretend to find in this poem, I will undertake to shew them two. One of these curious persons does me the honour to say, he approves of the conclusion of it; but I suppose it is upon no other reason, but because it is the conclusion.—However, I should not be much concern'd not to be thought excellent in an amusement I have very little practis'd hitherto, nor perhaps ever shall again.

Reputation of this sort is very hard to be got, and very easy to be lost; its pursuit is painful, and its possession unfruitful: nor had I ever attempted any thing in this kind, till, finding the animosities among the members of the College of Physicians increasing daily, (notwithstanding the frequent exhortations of our worthy president to the contrary) I was persuaded to attempt something of this nature, and to endeavour to rally some of our disaffected members into a sense of their duty, who have hitherto most obstinately opposed all manner of union; and have continued so unreasonably refractory, that it was thought fit by the college, to reinforce the observance of the statutes by a bond, which some of them would not comply with, though none of them had refused the ceremony of the customary oath; like some that will trust their wives with any body, but not any one with their money. I was sorry to find there could be any constitution that was not to be cured without poison, and that there should be a prospect of effecting it by a less grateful method than reason and persuasion.

The original of this difference has been of some standing, though it did not break out to fury and excess, until the time of erecting the dispensary, being an apartment in the college, set up for the relief of the sick poor, and managed ever since with an integrity and disinterest suitable to so charitable a design.

If any person would be more fully informed about the particulars of so pious a work, I refer him to the treatise, set forth by the authority of the president and censors, in the year 1697. It is called "A short Account of the Proceedings of the College of Physicians, London, in relation to the sick Poor." The reader may there not only be informed of the rise and progress of this so public an undertaking, but also of the concurrence and encouragement it met with from the best, as well as the most ancient members of the society, notwithstanding the vigorous opposition of a few men, who thought it their interest to defeat so laudable a design.

The intention of this preface is not to persuade mankind to enter into our quarrels, but to vindicate the author from being censured for taking any indecent liberties with the faculty he has the honour to be a member of. If the satire may appear directed at any particular person, it is at such only as are presumed to be engaged in dishonourable confederacies for mean and mercenary ends, against the dignity of their own profession. But if there be no such, then these characters are but imaginary, and, by consequence, ought to give no offence.

The description of the battle is grounded upon a feud that happened in the dispensary, betwixt a member of the col-

lege, with his retinue, and some of the servants that attended there to dispense the medicines; and is so far real, though the poetical relation be fictitious. I hope nobody will think the author too indecently reflecting through the whole, who, being too liable to faults himself, ought to be less severe upon the miscarriages of others. There is a character in this trivial performance, which the town, I find, applies to a particular person: it is a reflection which I should be sorry should give offence, being no more than what may be said of any physician remarkable for much practice. The killing of numbers of patients is so trite a piece of raillery, that it ought not to make the least impression either upon the reader or the person it is applied to, being one that I think in my conscience a very able physician, as well as a gentleman of extraordinary learning. If I am hard upon any one, it is my reader: but some worthy gentlemen, as remarkable for their humanity as their extraordinary parts, have taken care to make him amends for it, by prefixing something of their own.

I confess those ingenious gentleman have done me a great honour; but while they design an imaginary panegyric upon me, they have made a real one upon themselves, and by saying how much this small performance exceeds some others, they convince the world how far it falls short of theirs.



THE COPY OF AN INSTRUMENT,

SUBSCRIBED BY

THE PRESIDENT, CENSOR, MOST OF THE ELECTS, SENIOR FELLOWS, CANDIDATES, &c. OF THE COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS

In Relation to the Sick Poor.

WHEREAS the several orders of the College of Physicians, London, for prescribing medicines gratis to the poor sick of the cities of London and Westminster, and parts adjacent; as also proposals made by the said college to the Lord Mayor, Court of Aldermen, and Common Council, of London, in pursuance thereof, have hitherto been ineffectual, for that no method hath been taken to furnish the poor with medicines for their cure at low and reasonable rates; we, therefore, whose names are here under-written, fellows and members of the said College, being willing effectually to promote so great a charity, by the counsel and good liking of the president and college, declared in their comitia, hereby (to wit, each of us severally and apart, and not the one for the other of us) do oblige ourselves to pay to Dr. Thomas Burwell, fellow and elect of the said college, the sum of ten pounds apiece of lawful money of England, by such proportions, and at such times, as to the major part of the subscribers here shall seem most convenient: which money, when received by the said Dr. Thomas Burwell, is to be by him expended in preparing and delivering medicines to the poor at their intrinsic value, in such manner, and at such times, and by such orders and directions, as by the major part of the subscribers hereto shall, in writing, be hereafter appointed and directed for that purpose.

In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hands and seals, this twenty-second day of December, 1696.

Tho. Millington, Preses,
Tho. Burwell Elect and
Censor.

Sam. Collins, Elect.
Edw. Browne, Elect.
Rich. Torlefs, Elect. and
Censor.

Edw. Hulfe, Elect.
Tho. Gill, Censor.
Will. Dawes, Censor.

Jo. Hutton.
Rob. Brady.
Hans Sloane.
Rich. Morton.

John Hawys.
Ch. Harel.
David Hamilton.

Hen. Morelli.
Walter Harris.
William Briggs.

Tho. Colladon.
Martin Lister.
Jo. Colbatch.

Bernard Connor.
W. Cockburn.
J. le Feure.

P. Sylvestre.
Ch. Morton.

Rich. Robinson.
John Bateman.

Walter Mills.

Dan. Coxe.

Henry Sampson.

Thomas Gibson.

Charles Goodhall.

Edm. King.

Sam. Garth.

Barnh. Soame.

Denton Nicholas.

Joseph Gaylard.

John Woollaston.

Steph. Hunt.

Oliver Horseman.

Rich. Morton, jun.

Walter Charleton.

Phineas Fowke.

Tho. Alvery.

Rob. Gray.

John Wright.

James Drake.

Sam. Morris.

John Woodward,

----- Norris.

George Colebrook.

Gideon Harvey.

The design of printing the subscribers' names, is to shew that the late undertaking has the sanction of a college act; and that it is not a project carried on by five or six members, as those that oppose it would unjustly insinuate.



GARTH'S POEMS.

On all that Goddess her false smiles bestows,
 As on the seas she reigns from whence the rose-
 blowing Zephyrs sigh with fragrant breath, soft gales,
 Guide her gay barge and swell the silken sails,
 Each silver wave in beauteous order moves,
 Fair as her bosom gentle as her doves.

Vide Epistle to the Earl of Burlington Line 21. Page 75.

Drawn by J. Thomson Engraved by J. Naylor for C. Cooke. Jan. 3. 1800.



THE DISPENSARY.

CANTO I.

SPEAK, goddess! since 'tis thou that best canst tell;
How ancient leagues to modern discord fell;
And why physicians were so cautious grown
Of others' lives, and lavish of their own;
How by a journey to th' Elysian plain
Peace triumph'd, and old time return'd again. 5

Not far from that most celebrated place,
Where angry * justice shews her awful face;
Where little villains must submit to fate,
That great one's may enjoy the world in state; 10
There stands a † dome, majestic to the sight,
And sumptuous arches bear its oval height;
A golden globe, plac'd high with artful skill,
Seems, to the distant sight, a gilded pill:
This pile was, by the pious patron's aim, 15
Rais'd for a use as noble as its frame;
Nor did the learn'd society decline
The propagation of that great design;
In all her mazes, Nature's face they view'd,
And, as she disappear'd, their search pursu'd. 20
Wrapt in the shade of night the goddess lies,
Yet to the learn'd unveils her dark disguise,
But shuns the gross access of vulgar eyes.

Now she unfolds the faint and dawning strife,
Of infant atoms kindling into life; 25
How ductile matter new meanders takes,
And slender trains of twisting fibres makes;
And how the viscous seeks a closer tone,
By just degrees to harden into bone;
While the more loose flow from the vital urn, 30
And in full tides of purple streams return;
How lambent flames from life's bright lamps arise,
And dart in emanations through the eyes;
How from each sluice a gentle torrent pours,
To slake a feverish heat with ambient showers; 35
Whence their mechanic powers the spirits claim;
How great their force, how delicate their frame;

* Old Bailey.

† The College of Physicians.

How the same nerves are fashion'd to sustain
 The greatest pleasure and the greatest pain;
 Why bilious juice a golden light puts on, 40
 And floods of chyle in silver currents run;
 How the dim speck of entity began
 T' extend its recent form, and stretch to man;
 To how minute an origin we owe
 Young Ammon, Cæsar, and the great Nassau; 45
 Why paler looks impetuous rage proclaim,
 And why chill virgins redden into flame;
 Why Envy oft' transforms with wan disguise,
 And why gay Mirth sits smiling in the eyes;
 All ice why Lucrece; or Sempronia, fire; 50
 Why Scarsdale rages to survive desire;
 When Milo's vigour at th' Olympic's shown,
 Whence tropes to Finch, or impudence to Sloane;
 How matter, by the vary'd shape of pores,
 Or ideots frames, or solemn senators. 55

Hence 'tis we wait the wondrous cause to find,
 How body acts upon impassive mind;
 How fumes of wine the thinking part can fire,
 Past hopes revive, and present joys inspire;
 Why our complexions oft our soul declare, 60
 And how the passions in the feature are;
 How touch and harmony arise between
 Corporeal figure, and a form unseen;
 How quick their faculties the limbs fulfil,
 And act at every summons of the will; 65
 With mighty truths, mysterious to descry,
 Which in the womb of distant causes lie.

But now no grand inquiries are descry'd,
 Mean faction reigns where knowledge should preside,
 Feuds are increas'd, and learning laid aside. 70
 Thus synods oft concern for faith conceal,
 And for important nothings shew a zeal:
 The drooping sciences neglected pine,
 And Pæan's beams with fading lustre shine.
 No readers here with hectic looks are found, 75
 Nor eyes in rheum, through midnight-watching,
 Drown'd:

The lonely edifice in sweats complains
That nothing there but sullen silence reigns.

This place, so fit for undisturb'd repose,
The God of Sloth for his asylum chose ; 80
Upon a couch of down in these abodes,
Supine with folded arms he thoughtless nods ;
Indulging dreams his godhead lull to ease,
With murmurs of soft rills, and whispering trees :
The poppy and each numbing plant dispense 85
Their drowsy virtue, and dull indolence ;
No passions interrupt his easy reign,
No problems puzzle his lethargic brain :
But dark oblivion guards his peaceful bed,
And lazy fogs hang lingering o'er his head. 90

As at full length the pamper'd monarch lay,
Battening in ease, and slumbering life away ;
A spiteful noise his downy chains unties,
Hastes forward, and increases as it flies.

First, some to cleave the stubborn *flint engage, 95
Till, urg'd by blows, it sparkles into rage :
Some temper lute, some spacious vessels move ;
These furnaces erect, and those approve ;
Here phials in nice discipline are set,
There gallipots are rang'd in alphabet. 100
In this place, magazines of pills you spy :
In that, like forage, herbs in bundles lie ;
While lifted pestles, brandish'd in the air,
Descend in peals, and civil wars declare.
Loud strokes, with pounding spice, the fabric rend,
And aromatic clouds in spires ascend. 106

So when the Cyclops o'er their anvils sweat,
And swelling sinews echoing blows repeat,
From the volcanos gross eruptions rise,
And curling sheets of smoke obscure the skies. 110

The slumbering God, amaz'd at this new din,
Thrice strove to rise, and thrice sunk down again,
Listless he stretch'd, and gaping rubb'd his eyes,
Then falter'd thus betwixt half words and sighs :

* The building of the dispensary.

How impotent a deity am I !
 With godhead born, but curs'd, that cannot die !
 Through my indulgence, mortals hourly share
 A grateful negligence, and ease from care.
 Lull'd in my arms, how long have I with-held
 The northern monarchs from the dusty field !
 How I have kept the British fleet at ease,
 From tempting the rough dangers of the seas !
 Hibernia owns the mildness of my reign,
 And my divinity's ador'd in Spain.
 I swains to sylvan solitudes convey,
 Where, stretch'd on mossy beds, they waste away
 In gentle joys the night, in vows the day.
 What marks of wondrous clemency I've shown,
 Some reverend worthies of the gown can own :
 Triumphant plenty, with a cheerful grace,
 Basks in their eyes, and sparkles in their face.
 How sleek their looks, how goodly is their mien,
 When big they strut behind a double chin !
 Each faculty in blandishments they lull,
 Aspiring to be venerably dull ;
 No learn'd debates molest their downy trance,
 Or discompose their pompous ignorance ;
 But, undisturb'd, they loiter life away,
 So wither green, and blossom in decay ;
 Deep sunk in down, they, by my gentle care,
 Avoid th' inclemencies of morning air,
 And leave to tatter'd * crape the drudgery of prayer.
 Urin† was civil, and not void of sense,
 Had humour, and a courteous confidence :
 So spruce he moves, so gracefully he cocks,
 The hallow'd rose declares him orthodox :
 He pass'd his easy hours, instead of prayer,
 In madrigals, and phillysing the fair ;
 Constant at feasts, and each decorum knew,
 And, soon as the desert appear'd, withdrew ;
 Always obliging, and without offence,
 And fancy'd, for his gay impertience.

* See Boileau's Lutrin.

† Dr. Atterbury.

But see how ill-mistaken parts succeed;
 He threw off my dominion, and would read;
 Engag'd in controversy, wrangled well! 155
 In convocation language could excel;
 In volumes prov'd the church without defence,
 By nothing guarded but by Providence;
 How grace and moderation disagree;
 And violence advances charity. 160
 Thus writ till none would read, becoming soon
 A wretched scribbler of a rare buffoon.

Mankind my fond propitious power has try'd,
 Too oft to own, too much to be deny'd.
 And all I ask are shades and silent bowers, 165
 To pass in soft forgetfulness my hours.
 Oft have my fears some distant villa chose,
 O'er that *quietus* where fat judges dose,
 And lull their cough and conscience to repose:
 Or, if some cloister's refuge I implore, 170
 Where holy drones o'er dying tapers snore,
 The peals of Nassau's arms these eyes uncloze,
 Mine he molests, to give the world repose.
 That ease I offer, with contempt he flies,
 His couch a trench, his canopy the skies. 175
 Nor climes nor seasons his resolves control,
 Th' equator has no heat, the ice no pole.
 With arms resistless o'er the globe he flies,
 And leaves to Jove the empire of the skies.

But, as the slothful god to yawn begun, 180
 He shook off the dull mist, and thus went on:

'Twas in this reverend dome I sought repose,
 These walls were that asylum I had chose.
 Here have I rul'd long undisturb'd with broils,
 And laugh'd at heroes, and their glorious toils. 185
 My annals are in mouldy mildews wrought,
 With easy insignificance of thought.
 But now some busy, enterprising brain
 Invents new fancies to renew my pain,
 And labours to dissolve my easy reign. 190

With that, the god his darling phantom calls,
 And from his faltering lips this message falls:

Since mortals will dispute my power, I'll try
 Who has the greatest empire, they or I.
 Find envy out, some prince's court attend, 195
 Most likely there you'll meet the famish'd fiend;
 Or where dull critics authors' fate foretel;
 Or where stale maids, or meagre eunuchs dwell;
 Tell the bleak fury what new projects reign
 Among the homicides of Warwick-lane: 200
 And what th' event, unless the strait inclines
 To blast their hopes, and baffle their designs.
 More he had spoke, but sudden vapours rise,
 And with their silken cords tie down his eyes. 204

CANTO II.

SOON as the evening veil'd the mountains heads,
 And winds lay hush'd in subterranean beds;
 Whilst sickening flowers drink up the silver dew,
 And beaux for some assembly dress anew;
 The city saints to prayers and play-house haste; 5
 The rich to dinner, and the poor to rest:
 Th' officious phantom then prepar'd with care
 To slide on tender pinions through the air.
 Oft' he attempts the summit of a rock,
 And oft' the hollow of some blasted oak: 10
 At length approaching where bleak Envy lay;
 The hissing of her snakes proclaim'd the way.
 Beneath the gloomy covert of an yew,
 That taints the grass with sickly sweats of dew;
 No verdant beauty entertains the sight, 15
 But baneful hemlock, and cold aconite;
 In a dark grot the baleful haggard lay,
 Breathing black vengeance, and infecting day.
 But how deform'd, and worn with spiteful woes,
 When Accius has applause, Dorsennus shews. 20
 The cheerful blood her meagre cheeks forsook,
 And basilisks fate brooding in her look;
 A bald and bloated toad-stool rais'd her head;
 The plumes of boding ravens were her bed;
 From her chapp'd nostrils scalding torrents fall, 25
 And her sunk eyes boil o'er in floods of gall.

Volcanos labour thus with inward pains,
While seas of melted ore lay waste the plains.

Around the fiend, in hideous order, fate
Foul bawling Infamy, and bold Debate; 30
Gruff Discontent, through Ignorance misled,
And clam'rous Faction, at her party's head;
Restless Sedition, still dissembling Fear,
And sly Hypocrisy, with pious leer.

Glouting with sullen spite, the fury shook 35
Her clotted locks, and blasted with each look;
Then tore, with canker'd teeth, the pregnant scrolls,
Where Fame the acts of demi-gods enrols;
And, as the rent-records in pieces fell,
Each scrap did some immortal action tell. 40

This shew'd how, fix'd as fate, Torquatus stood,
That the fam'd passage of the Granic flood;
The Julian eagles here their wings display,
And there, like setting stars, the Decii lay;
This does Canfillus as a god extol, 45
That points at Manlius in the Capitol;
How Cocles did the Tyber's surges brave,
How Curtius plung'd into the gaping grave.
Great Cyrus here the Medes and Persians join,
And there th' immortal battle of the Boyne. 50

As the light messenger the fury spy'd,
Awhile his curdling blood forgot to glide;
Confusion on his fainting vitals hung,
And faltering accents flutter'd on his tongue:
At length, assuming courage, he convey'd 55
His errand, then he shrunk into the shade.

The hag lay long revolving what might be
The blest event of such an embassy;
Then blazons in dread smiles her hideous form;
So lightning gilds the unrelenting storm. 60
Thus she:—Mankind are blest, they riot still
Unbounded in exorbitance of ill.
By devastation the rough warrior gains,
And farmers fatten most when famine reigns;
For sickly seasons the physicians wait, 65
And politicians thrive in broils of state;

The lover's easy when the fair one sighs,
And gods subsist not but by sacrifice.

Each other being some indulgence knows:

Few are my joys, but infinite my woes. 70

My present pain Britannia's genius wills,

And thus the fates record my future ills.

A heroine shall Albion's sceptre bear,

With arms shall vanquish earth, and heaven with prayer.

She on the world her clemency shall shower, 75

And only to preserve exert her power.

Tyrants shall then their impious aims forbear,

And Blenheim's thunder more than Ætna's fear.

Since by no arts I therefore can defeat

The happy enterprises of the great, 80

I'll calmly stoop to more inferior things,

And try if my lov'd snakes have teeth or stings.

She said; and straight shrill Colon's* person took,

In morals loose, but most precise in look.

Black-friars annals lately pleas'd to call 85

Him warden of apothecaries-hall:

And, when so dignify'd, did not forbear

That operation which the learn'd declare

Gives colics ease, and makes the ladies fair.

In trifling show his tinsel talent lies; 90

And form the want of intellect supplies.

In aspect grand and goodly he appears,

Rever'd as patriarchs in primæval years.

Hourly his learn'd impertinence affords

A barren superfluity of words; 95

The patient's ears remorseless he assails,

Murders with jargon, where his med'cine fails.

The fury thus assuming Colon's grace,

So slung her arms, so shuffled in her pace.

Onward she hastens to the fam'd abodes, 100

Where Horoscope† invokes th' infernal gods:

And reach'd the mansion where the vulgar run,

For ruin throng, and pay to be undone.

This visionary various projects tries,

And knows that to be rich is to be wise. 105

* Lee, an apothecary.

† Dr Barnard.

By useful observations he can tell
 The sacred charms that in true sterling dwell ;
 How gold makes a patrician of a slave,
 A dwarf an Atlas, a Therfites brave.
 It cancels all defects, and in their place 110
 Finds sense in Brownlow, charms in Lady Grace ;
 It guides the fancy, and directs the mind :
 No bankrupt ever found a fair one kind.

So truly Heroscope its virtues knows,
 To this lov'd Idol 'tis, alone, he bows ; 115
 And fancies such bright heraldry can prove,
 The vile plebeian but the third from Jove.

Long has he been of that amphibious fry,
 Bold to prescribe, and busy to apply.
 His shop the gazing vulgar's eyes employs, 120
 With foreign trinkets, and domestic toys.
 Here mummies lay, most reverently stale ;
 And there the tortoise hung her coat of mail ;
 Not far from some huge shark's devouring head,
 The flying fish their finny pinions spread ; 125
 Aloft in rows large poppy heads were strung,
 And near a scaly alligator hung ;
 In this place, drugs in musty heaps decay'd ;
 In that, dried bladders and drawn teeth were laid.

An inner room receives the numerous shoals, 130
 Of such as pay to be reputed fools.
 Globes stand by globes, volumes on volumes lie,
 And planetary schemes amuse the eye.
 The sage, in velvet chair, here lolls at ease,
 To promise future health for present fees ; 135
 Then, as from tripod, solemn shame reveals,
 And what the stars know nothing of, foretels.

One asks how soon Panthea may be won,
 And longs to feel the marriage fetters on :
 Others, convinc'd by melancholy proof, 140
 Inquire when courteous fates will strike them off.
 Some, by what means they may redress their wrong,
 When fathers the possession keep too long.
 And some would know the issue of their cause,
 And whether gold can solder up its flaws. 145

Poor pregnant Lais his advice would have,
 To lose by art what fruitful nature gave;
 And Portia, old in expectation grown,
 Laments her barren curse, and begs a son:
 Whilst Iris his cosmetic wash would try, 150
 To make her bloom revive, and lovers die.
 Some ask for charms, and others philters choose,
 To gain Corinna, and their quartans lose.
 Young Hylas, botch'd with stains too foul to name,
 In cradle here renews his youthful frame; 155
 Cloy'd with desire, and surfeited with charms,
 A hot-house he prefers to Julia's arms.
 And old Lucullus would th' arcanum prove,
 Of kindling in cold veins the sparks of love.

Bleak Envy these dull frauds with pleasure sees, 160
 And wonders at the senseless mysteries.
 In Colon's voice she thus calls out aloud
 On Horoscope, environ'd by the crowd:

Forbear, forbear, thy vain amusements cease,
 Thy woodcocks from their gins awhile release; 165
 And to that dire misfortune listen well,
 Which thou shouldst fear to know, or I to tell.
 'Tis true, thou ever wast esteemed by me
 The great Alcides of our company.

When we, with noble scorn, resolv'd to ease 170
 Ourselves from all parochial offices;
 And to our wealthier patients left the care
 And draggled dignity of scavenger;
 Such zeal in that affair thou didst express,
 Nought could be equal, but the great success, 175
 Now call to mind thy generous prowess past,
 Be what thou shouldst, by thinking what thou wast:
 The faculty of Warwick-Lane design,
 If not to storm, at least to undermine.

Their gates each day ten thousand night-caps crowd,
 And mortars utter their attempts aloud. 180
 If they should once unmask our mystery,
 Each nurse, ere long, would be as learn'd as we;
 Our art expos'd to ev'ry vulgar eye;
 And none, in complaisance to us, would die. 185

What if we claim their right t'assassinate,
 Must they needs turn apothecaries straight?
 Prevent it, gods! all stratagems we try,
 To crowd with new inhabitants your sky.
 'Tis we who wait the Destinies' command, 190
 To purge the troubled air, and weed the land.
 And dare the college insolently aim
 To equal our fraternity in fame?
 Then let crab's eyes with pearl for virtue try,
 Or Highgate-hill with lofty Pindus vie; 195
 So glow-worms may compare with Titan's beams,
 And Hare-court pump with Aganippe's streams.
 Our manufactures now they meanly sell,
 And their true value treacherously tell;
 Nay, they discover too, their spite is such, 200
 That health, than crowns more valued, costs not much;
 Whilst we must steer our conduct by these rules,
 To cheat as tradesmen, or to starve as fools.

At this fam'd Horoscope turn'd pale, and straight
 In silence tumbled from his chair of state: 205
 The crowd in great confusion sought the door,
 And left the magus fainting on the floor;
 Whilst in his breast the fury breath'd a storm,
 Then sought her cell, and re-assumed her form.
 Thus from the fore although the insect flies, 210
 It leaves a brood of maggots in disguise.

Officious Squirt* in haste forsook his shop,
 To succour the expiring Horoscope.
 Oft he essay'd the magus to restore,
 By salt of succinum's prevailing power; 215
 Yet still supine the solid lumber lay,
 An image of scarce animated clay;
 Till fates, indulgent when disasters call,
 By Squirt's nice hand apply'd a urinal.
 The wight no sooner did the stream receive, 220
 But rous'd, and bless'd the stale restorative.
 The springs of life their former vigour feel;
 Such zeal he had for that vile utensil.

So when the great Pelides Thetis found,
 He knew the sea-weed scent, and th' azure goddess own'd.

* Dr. Barnard's man.

CANTO III.

ALL night the sage in pensive tumults lay,
 Complaining of the slow approach of day;
 Oft' turn'd him round, and strove to think no more
 Of what shrill Colon said the day before.
 Cowslips and poppies o'er his eyes he spread, 5
 And Salmon's works are laid beneath his head.
 But those bless'd opiates still in vain he tries,
 Sleep's gentle image his embraces flies:
 Tumultuous cares lay rolling in his breast,
 And thus his anxious thoughts the sage exprest. 10
 Oft has this planet roll'd around the sun,
 Since to consult the skies I first begun:
 Such my applause, so mighty my success,
 Some granted my predictions more than guess.
 But, doubtful as I am, I'll entertain 15
 This faith, there can be no mistake in gain.
 For the dull world must honour pay to those,
 Who on their understanding most impose.
 First man creates, and then he fears the elf;
 Thus others cheat him not, but he himself; 20
 He loathes the substance, and he loves the show;
 You'll ne'er convince a fool, himself is so:
 He hates realities, and hugs the cheat,
 And still the only pleasure's the deceit.
 So meteors flatter with a dazzling dye, 25
 Which no existence has, but in the eye,
 As distant prospects please us, but when near,
 We find but desert rocks and fleeting air;
 From stratagem to stratagem we run,
 And he knows most who latest is undone. 30
 Mankind one day serene and free appear;
 The next, they're cloudy, sullen, and severe;
 New passions new opinions still excite;
 And what they like at noon they leave at night.
 They gain with labour what they quit with ease; 35
 And health, for want of change, becomes disease:
 Religion's bright authority they dare,
 And yet are slaves to superstitious fear.

They counsel others, but themselves deceive,
And though they're cozen'd still, they still believe, 40

So false their censure, fickle their esteem,
This hour they worship, and the next blaspheme.

Shall I then, who with penetrating sight
Inspect the springs that guide each appetite;
Who with unfathom'd searches hourly pierce 45

The dark recesses of the universe;

Be aw'd, if puny emmets would oppress;

Or fear their fury, or their name care?

If all the fiends that in low darkness reign

Be not the fictions of a sickly brain, 50

That prospect, the dispensary they call,

Before the moon can blunt her horns, shall fall.

With that, a glance from mild Aurora's eyes

Shoots through the crystal kingdoms of the skies.

The savage kind in forests cease to roam, 55

And sots, o'ercharg'd with nauseous loads, reel home;

Drums, trumpets, hautboys, wake the slumbering pair;

Whilst bridegroom sighs, and thinks the bride less fair;

Light's cheerful smiles o'er th' azure waste are spread,

And mists from inns of court bolts out unpaid; 60

The sage, transported at th' approaching hour,

Imperiously thrice thunder'd on the floor;

Officious Squirt that moment had access,

His trust was great, his vigilance no less.

To him thus Horoscope: 65

My kind compassion in this dire affair,

Which is more light, since you assume a share;

Fly with what haste you us'd to do of old,

When clyster was in danger to be cold;

With expedition on the beadle call, 70

To summon all the company to th' hall.

Away the friendly coadjutor flies,

Swift as from phial steams of harts-horn rise.

The magus in the interim mumbles o'er

Vile terms of art to some infernal power, 75

And draws mysterious circles on the floor.

But from the gloomy vault no glaring spright,

Ascends, to blast the tender bloom of light.

No mystic sounds from hell's detested womb
 In dusky exhalations upwards come. 80
 And now to raise an altar he decrees,
 To that devouring harpy call'd Disease:
 Then flowers in canisters he hastes to bring,
 The wither'd product of a blighted spring;
 With cold solanum from the Pontic shore, 85
 The roots of mandrake and black hellebore;
 The griper senna, and the puker rue,
 The sweetener saffraas are added too;
 And on the structure next he heaps a load
 Of sulphur, turpentine, and mastic wood; 90
 Gums, fossils too, the pyramids increas'd;
 A mummy next, once monarch of the east;
 Then from the compter he takes down the file,
 And with prescriptions lights the solemn pile.
 Feebly the flames on clumsy wings aspire, 95
 And smothering fogs of smoke benight the fire.
 With sorrow he beheld the sad portent,
 Then to the hag these orisons he sent:
 Disease! thou ever most propitious power,
 Whose kind indulgence we discern each hour! 100
 Thou well canst boast thy numerous pedigree,
 Begot by Sloth, maintain'd by Luxury.
 In gilded palaces thy prowess reigns,
 But flies the humble sheds of cottage swains.
 To you such might and energy belong, 105
 You nip the blooming, and unnerve the strong.
 The purple conqueror in chains you bind,
 And are to us your vassals only kind.
 If, in return, all diligence we pay
 To fix your empire and confirm your sway, 110
 Far as the weekly-bills can reach around,
 From Kent-street end, to fam'd St. Giles's pound;
 Behold this poor libation with a smile,
 And let auspicious light break through the pile.
 He spoke; and on the pyramid he laid 115
 Bay leaves and vipers hearts, and thus he said:
 As these consume in this mysterious fire,
 So let the curs'd dispensary expire!

And as those crackle in the flames and die,
 So let its vessels burst, and glasses fly ! 120
 But a sinister cricket straight was heard ;
 The altar fell, the offering disappear'd.
 As the fam'd wight the omen did regret,
 Squirt brought the news the company was met.

Nigh where Fleet-ditch descends in sable streams,
 To wash his sooty Naiads in the Thames ; 126
 There stands a structure on a rising hill,
 Where Tyros take their freedom out to kill.
 Some pictures in these dreadful shambles tell,
 How, by the Delian god, the Python fell ; 130
 And how Medea did the philtre brew,
 That could in Æson's veins young force renew ;
 How mournful Myrrha for her crimes appears,
 And heals hysteric matrons still with tears ;
 How Mentha and Althea, nymphs no more, 135
 Revive in sacred plants, and health restore ;
 How sanguine swains their amorous hours repent,
 When pleasure's past, and pains are permanent ;
 And how frail nymphs oft, by abortion, aim
 To lose a substance to preserve a name. 140
 Soon as each member in his rank was plac'd,
 The assembly Diasenna* thus address'd :

My kind confederates, if my poor intent,
 As 'tis sincere, had been but prevalent,
 We here had met on some more safe design, 145
 And on no other business but to dine ;
 The faculty had still maintain'd their sway,
 And int'rest then had bid us but obey ;
 This only emulation we had known,
 Who best could fill his purse, and thin the town. 150
 But now from gathering clouds destruction pours,
 Which ruins with mad rage our halcyon hours :
 Mists from black jealousies the tempest form,
 Whilst late divisions reinforce the storm.
 Know when these feuds, like those at law, were past,
 The winners will be losers at the last. 156

* Gilârop, an apothecary.

Like heroes in sea-fights we seek renown;
 To fire some hostile ship we burn our own.
 Whoe'er throws dust against the wind, describes
 He throws it, in effect, but in his eyes. 160
 That juggler which another's sleight will shew,
 But teaches how the world his own may know.
 Thrice happy were those golden days of old,
 When dear as Burgundy ptisans were sold;
 When patients chose to die with better will, 165
 Than breathe, and pay th' apothecary's bill;
 And, cheaper than for our assistance call,
 Might go to Aix or Bourbon spring and fall.
 Then priests increas'd, and piety decay'd,
 Churchmen the church's purity betray'd, 170
 Their lives and doctrine slaves and atheists made.
 The laws were but the hireling judge's sense;
 Juries were sway'd by venal evidence.
 Fools were promoted to the council-board,
 Tools to the bench, and bullies to the sword. 175
 Pensions in private were the senate's aim;
 And patriots for a place abandon'd fame.
 But now no influencing art remains,
 For Somers has the seal, and Nassau reigns;
 And we, in spite of our resolves, must bow, 180
 And suffer by a reformation too.
 For now late jars our practices detect,
 And mines, when once discover'd, lose effect.
 Dissentions, like small streams, are first begun,
 Scarce seen they rise, but gather as they run: 185
 So lines that from their parallel decline,
 More they proceed, the more they still disjoin.
 'Tis therefore my advice in haste we send,
 And beg the faculty to be our friend:
 Send swarms of patients, and our quarrels end. 190
 So awful beadles, if the vagrant treat,
 Straight turn familiar, and their fasces quit.
 In vain we but contend, that planet's power
 Those vapours can disperse it rais'd before.

As he prepar'd the mischief to recite, 195
 Keen Colocynthus* paus'd, and foam'd with spite.
 Sour ferments on his shining surface swim,
 Work up the froth, and bubble o'er the brim :
 Not beauties fret so much if freckles come,
 Or nose should redden in the drawing-room ; 200
 Or lovers that mistake th' appointed hour,
 Or in the lucky minute want the power.

Thus he—Thou scandal of great Pæan's art,
 At thy approach the springs of nature start,
 The nerves unbrace ; nay, at the sight of thee, 205
 A scratch turns cancer, itch a leprosy,
 Could'st thou propose that we, the friends of fates,
 Who fill church-yards, and who unpeople states,
 Who baffle nature, and dispose of lives,
 Whilst Russel†, as we please, or starves or thrives,
 Should e'er submit to their despotic will, 211
 Who out of consolation scarce can kill ?
 The towering Alps shall sooner sink to vales,
 And leeches, in our glasses, swell to whales ;
 Or Norwich trade in instruments of steel, 215
 And Birmingham in stuffs and druggets deal ;
 Alleys at Wapping furnish us new modes,
 And Monmouth-street Versailles with riding-hoods !
 The sick to th' hundreds in pale throngs repair,
 And change the gravel pits for Kentish air ! 220
 Our properties must on our arms depend ;
 'Tis next to conquer, bravely to defend.
 'Tis to the vulgar death too harsh appears ;
 The ill we feel is only in our fears.

To die is landing on some silent shore, 225
 Where billows never break, nor tempests roar ;
 Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 'tis o'er.
 The wise through thought th' insults of death defy ;
 The fools through blest insensibility.
 'Tis what the guilty fear, the pious crave ; 230
 Sought by the wretch, and vanquish'd by the brave.
 It eases lovers, sets the captive free,
 And, though a tyrant, offers liberty.

* Dore, an apothecary.

† A celebrated undertaker of funerals

Sound but to arms, the foe shall soon confess
 Our force increases, as our funds grow less ; 235
 And what requir'd such industry to raise,
 We'll scatter into nothing as we please,
 Thus they'll acknowledge, to annihilate
 Shews no less wondrous power than to create.
 We'll raise our num'rous cohorts, and oppose 240
 The feeble forces of our pigmy foes ;
 Legions of quacks shall join us on the place,
 From great Kirleus down to Doctor Case.
 Though such vile rubbish sink, yet we shall rise ;
 Directors still secure the greatest prize. 245
 Such poor supports serve only like a stay ;
 The tree once fix'd, its rest is torn away.

So patriots, in time of peace and ease,
 Forget the fury of the late disease ;
 On dangers past serenely think no more, 250
 And curse the hand that heal'd the wound before.

Arm, therefore, gallant friends, 'tis honour's call ;
 Or let us boldly fight, or bravely fall !

To this the session seem'd to give consent,
 Much lik'd the war, but dreaded much th' event.
 At length, the growing difference to compose, 255
 Two brothers, nam'd Ascarides*, arose.
 Both had the volubility of tongue,
 In meaning faint, but in opinion strong.
 To speak they both assum'd a like pretence ; 260
 The elder gain'd his just pre-eminence.

Thus he : 'Tis true, when privilege and right
 Are once invaded, honour bids us fight.
 But, ere we once engage in honour's cause,
 First know what honour is, and whence it was. 265

Scorn'd by the base, 'tis courted by the brave ;
 The hero's tyrant, and the coward's slave ;
 Born in the noisy camp, it lives on air,
 And both exists by hope and by despair ;
 Angry whene'er a moment's ease we gain, 270
 And reconcil'd at our returns of pain.

* The Pearces, apothecaries.

It lives wherr in death's arms the hero lies ;
 But when his safety he consults, it dies.
 Bigoted to this idol, we disclaim
 Rest, health, and ease, for nothing but a name. 275

Then let us, to the field before we move,
 Know if the gods our enterprize approve.
 Suppose th' unthinking faculty unveil
 What we, through wiser conduct, would conceal :
 Is't reason we should quarrel with the glass 280
 That shews the monstrous features of our face ?
 Or grant some grave pretenders have of late
 Thought fit an innovation to create ;
 Soon they'll repent what rashly they begun :
 Though projects please, projectors are undone. 285
 All novelties must this success expect,
 When good, our envy ; and when bad, neglect :
 If reason could direct, ere now each gate
 Had borne some trophy of triumphal state ;
 Temples had told how Greece and Belgia owe 290
 Troy and Namur to Jove and to Nassau.

Then, since no veneration is allow'd,
 Or to the real, or th' appearing good ;
 The project that we vainly apprehend
 Most, as it blindly rose, as vilely end. 295
 Some members of the faculty there are,
 Who interest prudently to oaths prefer.
 Our friendship, with feign'd airs, they poorly court,
 And boast, their politics are our support.
 Them we'll consult about this enterprize, 300
 And boldly execute what they advise.

But from below, while such resolves they took,
 Some Aurum Fulminans the fabric shook.
 The champions, daunted at the crack, retreat.
 Regard their safety, and their rage forget. 305

So when at Bathos earth's big offspring strove
 To scale the skies, and wage a war with Jove ;
 Soon as the ass of old Silenus bray'd,
 The trembling rebel in confusion fled. 309

CANTO IV.

NOT far from that frequented theatre,
 Where wandering punks each night at five repair;
 Where purple emperors in buskins tread,
 And rule imaginary worlds for bread:
 Where Bently*, by old writers, wealthy grew, 5
 And Briscoe* lately was undone by new;
 There triumphs a physician of renown,
 To none, but such as rust in health, unknown.
 None e'er was plac'd more fitly, to impart
 His known experience, and his healing art. 10
 When Burgefs deafens all the listening press
 With peals of most seraphic emptiness;
 Or when mysterious Freeman mounts on high,
 To preach his parish to a lethargy;
 This Esculapius waits hard by, to ease 15
 The martyrs of such Christian cruelties.
 Long has this darling quarter of the town,
 For lewdness, wit, and gallantry, been known.
 All sorts meet here, of whatsoe'er degree,
 To blend and juggle into harmony. 20
 The critics each adventurous author scan,
 And praise or censure as they like the man.
 The weeds of writings for the flowers they cull;
 So nicely tasteless, so correctly dull!
 The politicians of Parnassus prate, 25
 And poets canvas the affairs of state;
 The cits ne'er talk of trade and stock, but tell
 How Virgil writ, how bravely Turnus fell.
 The country-dames drive to Hippolito's,
 First find a spark, and after lose a nose, 30
 The lawyer for lac'd coat the robe does quit,
 He grows a madman, and then turns a wit.
 And in the cloister pensive Strephon waits,
 Till Cloe's hackney comes, and then retreats;
 And if th' ungenerous nymph a shaft lets fly, 35
 More fatally than from a sparkling eye,
 Mirmillo†, that fam'd opifer, is nigh.

* Two Bookfellers.

† Dr. Gibbons.

The trading tribe oft thither throng to dine,
 And want of elbow-room supply in wine.
 Cloy'd with variety, they surfeit there, 40
 Whilst the wan patients on thin gruel fare.
 'Twas here the champions of the party met,
 Of their heroic enterprize to treat.
 Each hero a tremendous air put on,
 And stern Mirmillo in these words begun : 45
 'Tis with concern, my friends, I meet you here ;
 No grievance you can know, but I must share.
 'Tis plain, my interest you've advanc'd so long,
 Each fee, though I was mute, would find a tongue.
 And, in return, though I have strove to rend 50
 Those statutes, which on oath I should defend ;
 Such arts are trifles to a gen'rous mind :
 Great services as great returns should find.
 And you'll perceive, this hand, when glory calls,
 Can brandish arms as well as urinals. 55

Oxford and all her passing bells can tell,
 By this right arm what mighty numbers fell.
 Whilst others meanly ask whole months to slay,
 I oft dispatch'd the patient in a day :
 With pen in hand I push'd to that degree, 60
 I scarce had left a wretch to give a fee.
 Some fell by laudanum, and some by steel,
 And death in ambush lay in every pill.
 For, save or slay, this privilege we claim,
 Though credit suffers, the reward's the same. 65

What, though the art of healing we pretend.
 He that designs it least, is most a friend.
 Into the right we err, and must confess
 To oversights we often owe success.
 Thus Belsus got the battle in the play ; 70
 His glorious cowardice restor'd the day.
 So the fam'd Grecian piece ow'd its desert
 To chance, and not the labour'd strokes of art.

Physicians, if they're wise, should never think
 Of any arms but such as pen and ink : 75
 But th' enemy, at their expence, shall find
 When honour calls, I'll scorn to stay behind.

He said : and seal'd th' engagement with a kiss,
 Which was return'd by younger Ascaris* ;
 Who thus advanced : Each word, Sir, you impart,
 Has something killing in it, like your art. 81
 How much we to your boundless friendship owe,
 Our files can speak, and your prescriptions shew.
 Your ink descends in such excessive showers,
 'Tis plain you can regard no health but ours. 85
 Whilst poor pretenders puzzle o'er a case,
 You but appear, and give the *coup de grace*.
 O that near Xanthus's banks you had but dwelt,
 When Ilium first Achaian fury felt !
 The horned river then had curs'd in vain 90
 Young Peleus's arm, that chok'd his stream with slain ;
 No trophies you had left for Greeks to raise ;
 Their ten year's toil, you'd finish'd in ten days.
 Fate smiles on your attempts ; and, when you list,
 In vain the cowards fly, or brave resist. 95
 Then let us arm, we need not fear success ;
 No labours are too hard for Hercules.
 Our military ensigns we'll display ;
 Conquest pursues, where courage leads the way.
 To this design shrill Querpo† did agree, 100
 A zealous member of the faculty ;
 His fire's pretended pious steps he treads,
 And, where the doctor fails, the saint succeeds.
 A conventicle flesh'd his greener years,
 And his full age the righteous rancour shares. 105
 Thus boys hatch game eggs under birds of prey,
 To make the fowl more furious for the fray.
 Slow Carus‡ next discover'd his intent,
 With painful pauses muttering what he meant.
 His sparks of life, in spite of drugs, retreat, 110
 So cold that only calentures can heat.
 In his chill veins the sluggish puddle flows,
 And loads with lazy fogs his sable brows.
 Legions of lunatics about him press ;
 His province is lost reason to redress. 115

* Mr. Parrot.

† Dr. Howe.

‡ Dr. Tyson.

So when perfumes their fragrant scent give o'er,
 Nought can their odour, like a jakes, restore.
 When for advice the vulgar throng, he's found
 With lumber of vile books besieged around.
 The gazing throng acknowledge their surprise, 120
 And, deaf to reason, still consult their eyes.
 Well he perceives, the world will often find,
 To catch the eye is to convince the mind.
 Thus a weak state by wise distrust inclines
 To numerous stores, and strength in magazines. 125
 So fools are always most profuse of words,
 And cowards never fail of longest swords.
 Abandon'd authors here a refuge meet,
 And from the world to dust and worms retreat.
 Here dregs and sediment of auctions reign, 130
 Refuse of fairs, and gleanings of Duck-lane.
 And up these walls much Gothic lumber climbs,
 With Swiss philosophy and Runic rhymes.
 Hither, retriev'd from cooks and grocers, come
 Mede's works entire, and endless reams of Blome.
 Where would the long neglected Collins fly, 136
 If bounteous Carus should refuse to buy?
 But each vile scribbler's happy on this score:
 He'll find some Carus still to read him o'er.

Nor must we the obsequious Umbra* spare, 140
 Who soft by nature, yet declar'd for war.
 But when some rival power invades a right,
 Flies set on flies, and turtles turtles fight,
 Else courteous Umbra to the last had been
 Demurely meek, insipidly serene. 145
 With him, the present still some virtues have:
 The vain are sprightly, and the stupid grave;
 The slothful negligent, the foppish neat,
 The lewd are airy, and the sly discreet;
 A wren an eagle, a baboon a beau; 150
 Colt† a Lycurgus, and a Phocion Rowet‡.

Heroic ardour now th' assembly warms,
 Each combatant breathes nothing but alarms.

* Dr. Gould.

† Sir H. Dutton Colt.

‡ Mr. Anthony Rowe.

For future glory while the scheme is laid,
Fam'd Horoscope thus offers to dissuade : 155

Since of each enterprize the event's unknown,
We'll quit the sword, and hearken to the gown.
Nigh lives Vagellius*, one reputed long
For strength of lungs, and pliancy of tongue.
For fees, to any form he moulds a cause, 160
The worst has merits, and the best has flaws.

Five guineas make a criminal to day,
And ten to-morrow wipe the stain away.
Whatever he affirms is undeny'd,
Milo's the lecher, Clodius th' homicide; 165
Cato pernicious, Cataline a saint,
Orford suspected, Duncomb innocent.

To law then, friends, for 'tis by fate decreed,
Vagellius and our money shall succeed.
Know, when I first invok'd disease by charms 170
To prove propitious to our future arms,
Ill omens did the sacrifice attend,
Nor would the Sibyl from her grot ascend.

As Horoscope urg'd farther to be heard,
He thus was interrupted by a bard :† 175

In vain your magic mysteries you use
Such sounds the Sibyls sacred ears abuse.
These lines the pale divinity shall raise
Such is the power of sound, and force of lays. [clash,

“ † Arms meet wit arms, fauchions with fauchions

“ And sparks of fire struck out from armour flash. 181

“ Thick clouds of dust contending warriors raise,

“ || And hideous war o'er all the region brays.

“ Some raging ran with huge Herculean clubs,

“ Some massy balls of brass, some mighty tubs 185

“ Of cinders bore.—

“ ¶ Naked and half-burnt hills with hideous wreck

“ Affright the skies, and fry the ocean's back.”

As we went rumbling on, the fury straight
Crawl'd in, her limbs could scarce support her weight,

* Sir Barth. Shower.

† King Arthur, p. 307.

¶ Prince Arthur, p. 130.

† Sir Richard Blackmore.

|| King Arthur, p. 327.

A rueful rag her meagre forehead bound, 191
 And faintly her furr'd lips these accents sound:
 Mortal, how dar'st thou with such lines address
 My awful seat, and trouble my recess?
 In Essex marshy hundreds is a cell, 195
 Where lazy fogs and drizzling vapours dwell:
 Thither raw damps on drooping wings repair,
 And shivering quartans shake the sickly air.
 There, when fatigu'd, some silent hours I pass,
 And substitute physicians in my place. 200
 Then dare not, for the future, once rehearse
 The dissonance of such untuneful verse;
 But in your lines let energy be found,
 And learn to rise in sense, and sink in sound.
 Harsh words, though pertinent, uncouth appear; 205
 None please the fancy who offend the ear.
 In sense and numbers if you would excel,
 Read Wycherley, consider Dryden well.
 In one, what vigorous turns of fancy shine! 210
 In th' other Syrens warble in each line.
 If Dorset's sprightly Muse but touch the lyre,
 The Smiles and Graces melt in soft desire,
 And little Loves confess their amorous fire.
 The gentle Isis claims the ivy crown, 215
 To bind th' immortal brows of Addison.
 As tuneful Congreve tries his rural strains,
 Pan quits the woods, the listening fawns the plains;
 And Philomel, in notes like his, complains.
 And Britain, since Pausanias* was writ, 220
 Knows Spartan virtue, and Athenian wit.
 When Stepney paints the god-like acts of kings,
 Or, what Apollo dictates, Prior sings;
 The banks of Rhine a pleas'd attention shew,
 And silver Sequana forgets to flow. 225
 Such just examples carefully read o'er;
 Slide without falling; without straining soar.
 Oft though your strokes surprise, you should not choose
 A theme so mighty for a virgin muse.

* Pausanias, written by Mr. Norton.

Long did Apelles his fam'd piece decline ; 230
His Alexander was his last design.

'Tis Montague's rich vein alone must prove,
None but a Phidias should attempt a Jove.

The fury paus'd, till, with a frightful sound,
A rising whirlwind burst th' unhallow'd ground. 235

Then she—the deity we Fortune call,
Tho' distant, rules and influences all.

Straight for her favour to her court repair ;
Important embassies ask wings of air.

Each wondering stood ; but Horoscope's great soul,
That dangers ne'er alarm, nor doubts control, 241
Rais'd on the pinions of the bounding wind,
Out-flew the rack, and left the hours behind.

The evening now with blushes warms the air,
The steer resigns the yoke, the hind his care ; 250

The clouds above with golden edgings glow,
And falling dews refresh the earth below ;

The bat, with sooty wings, flits through the grove,
The reeds scarce rustle, nor the aspines move,

And all the feather'd folks forbear their lays of love.

Through the transparent region of the skies, 256
Swift as a wish, the missionary flies :

With wonder he surveys the upper air,
And the gay gilded meteors sporting there ;

How lambent jellies, kindling in the night, 260
Shoot through the æther in a trail of light ;

How rising steams in th' azure fluid blend,
Or fleet in clouds, or soft in showers descend ;

Or, if the stubborn rage of cold prevail,
In flakes they fly, or fall in moulded hail ; 265

How honey dews embalm the fragrant morn.

And the fair oak with luscious sweats adorn ;

How heat and moisture mingle in a mass,
Or belch in thunder, or in lightning blaze ;

Why nimble corruscations strike the eye, 270
And bold tornados bluster in the sky ;

Why a prolific Aura upwards tends,
Ferments, and in a living shower descends ;

How vapours, hanging on the towering hills,
 In breezes sigh, or weep in warbling rills ; 275
 Whence infant winds their tender pinions try,
 And river gods their thirsty urns supply.

The wondering sage pursues his airy flight,
 And braves the chill unwholesome damps of night :
 He views the tracts where luminaries rove, 280
 To settle seasons here, and fates above ;
 The bleak Arcturus still forbid the seas,
 The stormy Kids, the weeping Hyades ;
 The shining lyre, with strains attracting more
 Heaven's glittering mansions now than hell's before.
 Glad Cassiopeia circling in the sky, 286
 And each fair Churchill of the galaxy.

Aurora, on Etesian breezes borne,
 With blushing lips breathes out the sprightly morn :
 Each flower in dew their short-liv'd empire weeps, 290
 And Cynthia with her lov'd Endymion sleeps.
 As through the gloom the Magus cuts his way,
 Imperfect objects tell the doubtful day ;
 Dim he discerns majestic Atlas rise,
 And bend beneath the burden of the skies ; 295
 His towering brows aloft no tempests know,
 Whilst lightning flies, and thunder rolls below.

Distant from hence, beyond a waste of plains,
 Proud Teneriff, his giant brother, reigns ;
 With breathing fire his pitchy nostrils glow, 300
 As from his sides he shakes the fleecy snow.
 Around this hoary prince, from watery beds,
 His subject islands raise their verdant heads ;
 The waves so gently wash each rising hill,
 The land seems floating, and the ocean still. 305

Eternal spring, with smiling verdure, here
 Warms the mild air, and crowns the youthful year,
 From crystal rocks transparent rivulets flow ;
 The tuberosc ever breathes, and violets blow.
 The vine undress'd her swelling clusters bears, 310
 The labouring hind the mellow olive cheers ;
 Blossoms and fruit at once the citron shews,
 And, as she pays, discovers still she owes.

The orange to her sun, her pride displays,
 And gilds her fragrant apples with his rays. 315
 No blasts e'er discompose the peaceful sky,
 The springs but murmur, and the winds but sigh.
 The tuneful swans on gliding rivers float,
 And warbling dirges die on ev'ry note.
 Where Flora treads, her Zephyr garlands flings, 320
 And scatters odours from his purple wings;
 Whilst birds from woodbine bowers and jessamine groves
 Chant their glad nuptials and unenvy'd loves.
 Mild seasons, rising hills, and silent dales,
 Cool grottos, silver brooks, and flowery vales, 325
 Groves fill'd with balmy shrubs, in pomp appear,
 And scent with gales of sweets the circling year.
 These happy isles, where endless pleasures wait,
 Are styl'd, by tuneful bards, The Fortunate.
 On high, where no hoarse winds nor clouds resort, 330
 The hood-wink'd goddess keeps her partial court.
 Upon a wheel of amethyst she sits,
 Gives and resumes, and smiles and frowns by fits.
 In this still labyrinth, around her lie
 Spells, philters, globes, and schemes of palmistry:
 A sigil in his hand the gipsy bears, 336
 In th' other a prophetic sieve and sheers.
 The dame, by devination, knew that soon
 The Magus would appear—and then begun:
 Hail sacred seer! thy embassy I know: 340
 Wars must ensue, the fates will have it so.
 Dread seats shall follow, and disasters great,
 Pills charge on pills, and bolus bolus meet:
 Both sides shall conquer, and yet both shall fail;
 The mortar now, and then the urinal. 345
 To thee alone my influence I owe;
 Where nature has deny'd, my favours flow.
 'Tis I that give, so mighty is my power,
 Faith to the Jew, complexion to the Moor.
 I am the wretch's wish, the rook's pretence, 350
 The sluggard's ease, the coxcomb's providence.
 Sir Serape-quill, once a supple smiling slave,
 Looks lousy now, and insolently grave;

Builds, settles, purchases, and has each hour
Caps from the rich, and curses from the poor. 355

Spadillio, that at table serv'd of late,
Drinks rich Tockay himself, and eats in plate;
Has levees, villas, mistresses in store,
And owns the racers which he rubb'd before.

Souls heavenly borne my faithless boons defy; 360
The brave is to himself a deity.

Though blest Astrea's gone, some soil remains
Where fortune is the slave, and merit reigns.

The Tiber boasts his Julian progeny,
Thames his Nassau, the Nile his Ptolomy. 365

Iberia, yet for future sway design'd,
Shall, for a Hesse, a greater Mordaunt find.

Thus Ariadne in proud triumph rode;
She lost a hero, and she found a god. 369

CANTO V.

WHEN the still night, with peaceful poppies
crown'd,

Had spread her shady pinions o'er the ground;

And slumbering chiefs of painted triumphs dream,

While groves and streams are the soft virgin's theme;

The surges gently dash against the shore, 5

Flocks quit the plains, and gally-slaves the oar;

Sleep shakes its downy wings o'er mortal eyes;

Mirmillo is the only wretch it flies;

He finds no respite from his anxious grief;

Then seeks from this soliloquy relief. 10

Long have I reign'd unrival'd in the town,

Oppress'd with fees, and deafen'd with renown.

None e'er could die with due solemnity,

Unless his passport first was sign'd by me.

My arbitrary bounty's undeny'd; 15

I give reversions, and for heirs provide.

None could the tedious nuptial state support,

But I, to make it easy, make it short.

I set the discontented matrons free,

And ransom husbands from captivity. 20

Shall one of such importance then engage
In noisy riot and in civil rage ?

No : I'll endeavour straight a peace, and so
Preserve my character and person too.

But Discord, that still haunts with hideous mien 25
Those dire abodes where Hymen once hath been,
O'erheard Mirmillo's anguish ; then begun
In peevish accents to express her own :

Have I so often banish'd lazy peace
From her dark solitude, and lov'd recess ? 30
Have I made South and Sherlock disagree,
And puzzle truth with learn'd obscurity ?
And does the faithful Ferguson profess
His ardour still for animosities ?

Have I, Britannia's safety to ensure, 35
Expos'd her naked, to be most secure ?

Have I made parties opposite, unite,
In monstrous leagues of amicable spite,
To curse their country, whilst the common cry
Is freedom ; but their aim, the ministry ? 40
And shall a dastard's cowardice prevent
The war, so long I've labour'd to foment ?
No, 'tis resolv'd, he either shall comply,
Or I'll renounce my wan divinity.

With that the hag approach'd Mirmillo's bed, 45
And taking Querpo's meagre shape, she said :

At noon of night I hasten, to dispel
Those tumults in your pensive bosom dwell.
I dreamt but now I heard your heaving sighs,
Nay, saw the tears debating in your eyes. 50
O that 'twere but a dream ! but threats I find
Lour in your looks, and rankle in your mind.
Speak, whence it is this late disorder flows,
That shakes your soul, and troubles your repose.
Mistakes in practice scarce could give you pain ; 55
Too well you know, the dead will ne'er complain.

What looks discover, said the homicide,
Would be a fruitless industry to hide.
My safety first I must consult, and then
I'll serve our suffering party with my pen. 60

All should, reply'd the hag, their talent learn ;
 The most attempting oft the least discern.
 Let Peterborough speak, and Vanburgh write,
 Soft Acon court, and rough Cæcinna fight :
 Such must succeed ; but, when th' enervate aim 65
 Beyond their force, they still contend for shame.
 Had Colbatch printed nothing of his own,
 He had not been the Saffold of the town.
 Asses and owls, unseen, their kind betray,
 If these attempt to hoot, or those to bray. 70
 Had Wesley never aim'd in verse to please,
 We had not rank'd him with our Ogilbys.
 Still censures will on dull pretenders fall ;
 A Codrus should expect a Juvenal.
 Ill lines, but like ill paintings, are allow'd, 75
 To set off, and to recommend the good.
 So diamonds take a lustre from their foil ;
 And to a Bentley 'tis we owe a Boyle.

Consider well the talent you possess ;
 To strive to make it more, would make it less : 80
 And recollect what gratitude is due,
 To those whose party you abandon now.
 To them you owe your odd magnificence,
 But to your stars your magazine of sense.
 Haspt in a tombril, awkward have you shin'd, 85
 With one fat slave before, and none behind.
 Then haste and join your true intrepid friends,
 Success on vigour and dispatch depends.

Labouring in doubts Mirmillo stood : then said,
 'Tis hard to undertake, if gain dissuade ; 90
 What fool for noisy feuds large fees would leave ?
 Ten harvests more would all I wish for give.

True man ! reply'd the elf ; by choice diseas'd,
 Ever contriving pain, and never pleas'd.
 A present good they slight, an absent choose ; 95
 And what they have, for what they have not, lose.
 False prospects all their true delights destroy,
 Resolv'd to want, yet labouring to enjoy.
 In restless hurries thoughtlessly they live,
 At substance oft unmov'd, for shadows grieve. 100

Children at toys, as men at titles, aim;
 And in effect both covet but the same.
 This Philip's son prov'd in revolving years;
 And first for rattles then for worlds shed tears.

The fury spoke; then in a moment fir'd 105
 The hero's breast with tempests, and retir'd.

In boding dreams Mirmillo spent the night,
 And frightful phantoms danc'd before his sight,
 Till the pale pleiads clos'd their eyes of light.
 At length grey morn glows in the eastern skies, 110
 The larks in raptures through the æther rise,
 The azure mists scud o'er the dewy lawns,
 The chaunter at his early matins yawns,
 The amaranth opes its leaves, the lys its bells,
 And Progne her complaint of Tereus tells. 115

As bold Mirmillo the grey dawn descries,
 Arm'd cap-a-pee, where honour calls, he flies,
 And finds the legions planted at their post;
 Where mighty Querpo fill'd the eye the most.
 His arms were made, if we may credit fame, 120
 By Mulciber, the Mayor of Birmingham.
 Of temper'd stibium the bright shield was cast,
 And yet the work the metal far surpass'd.

A foliage of the vulnerary leaves,
 Grav'd round the brim, the wondering sight deceives.
 Around the centre fate's bright trophies lay, 126
 Probes, saws, incision knives, and tools to slay.

Emboss upon the field, a battle stood
 Of leeches spouting hæmorrhoidal blood.
 The artist too express'd the solemn state 130
 Of grave physicians, at a consult met;
 About each symptom how they disagree,
 But how unanimous in case of fee.

Whilst each assassin his learn'd colleague tires
 With learn'd impertinence, the sick expires. 135

Beneath this blazing orb bright Querpo thone,
 Himself an Atlas, and his shield a moon.
 A pestle for his truncheon led the van,
 And his high helmet was a close-stool pan.

His crest an Ibis, brandishing her beak, 140
 And winding in loose folds her spiral neck.
 This when the young Querpoides beheld,
 His face in nurse's breast the boy conceal'd;
 Then, peep't, and with th' effulgent helm would play,
 And as the monster gap'd, would shrink away. 145
 Thus sometimes joy prevail'd, and sometimes fear;
 And tears and smiles alternate passions were.

As Querpo towering stood in martial might,
 Pacific Carus sparkled on the right.
 An oran outang o'er his shoulders hung, 150
 His plume confess'd the capon whence it sprung.
 His motley mail scarce could the hero bear,
 Haranguing thus the tributes of the war:

Fam'd chiefs,
 For present triumphs born, design'd for more, 155
 Your virtue I admire, your valour more.
 If battle be resolv'd, you'll find this hand
 Can deal out destiny, and fate command.
 Our foes in throngs shall hide the crimson plain,
 And their Apollo interpose in vain. 160
 Though gods themselves engage, a Diomed
 With ease could shew a deity can bleed.

But war's rough trade should be by fools profest,
 The truest rubbish fills a trench the best.
 Let quinsies throttle, and the quartan shake, 165
 Or dropxies drown, and gout and cholics rack:
 Let sword and pestilence lay waste, while we
 Wage bloodless wars, and fight in theory,
 Who wants not merit, needs not arm for fame;
 The dead I raise my chivalry proclaim; 170
 Diseases baffled, and lost health restor'd,
 In fame's bright list my victories record.
 More lives from me their preservation own,
 Than lovers lose if fair Cornelia frown.

Your cures, shrill Querpo cry'd, aloud you tell,
 But wisely your miscarriages conceal. 176
 Zeno, a priest, in Samothrace of old,
 Thus reason'd with Philopidas the bold:

Immortal gods you own, but think them blind
 To what concerns the state of human kind. 180
 Either they hear not, or regard not prayer;
 That argues want of power and this of care.
 Allow that wisdom infinite must know;
 Power infinite must act. "I grant it so."
 Hasten straight to Neptune's fane; survey with zeal
 The walls. "What then?" reply'd the infidel. 186
 Observe those numerous throngs in effigy,
 The gods have sav'd from the devouring sea.
 "'Tis true, their pictures that escap'd you keep,
 "But where are theirs that perish'd in the deep?" 190
 Vaunt now no more the triumph of your skill,
 But, though unsee'd, exert your arm, and kill.
 Our scouts have learn'd the posture of the foe;
 In war surprises surest conduct shew.
 But fame, that neither good nor bad conceals, 195
 That Pembroke's worth, and Ormond's valour tells;
 How truth in Burnet, how in Cavendish, reigns,
 Varro's magnificence with Maro's strains;
 But how at church and bar all gape and stretch,
 If Winnington but plead, or South or Only preach;
 On nimble wings to Warwick-lane repairs, 201
 And what the enemy intends, declares.
 Confusion in each countenance appear'd,
 A council's call'd, and Stentor* first was heard;
 His labouring lungs the thron'd prætorium rent, 205
 Addressing thus the passive president:
 Machaon†, whose experience we adore,
 Great as your matchless merit, is your power:
 At your approach, the baffled tyrant death
 Breaks his keen shafts, and grinds his clashing teeth.
 To you we leave the conduct of the day; 211
 What you command, your vassals must obey.
 If this dread enterprise you would decline,
 We'll send to treat, and stifle the design.
 But, if my arguments had force, we'd try 215
 To humble our audacious foes, or die;

* Dr. Goodall,

† Sir Thomas Millington,

Our spite, they'll find, to their advantage leans ;
The end is good, no matter for the means.

So modern casuists their talents try,
Uprightly for the sake of truth to lie. 220

He had not finish'd, till th' out-guards descry'd
Bright columns move in formidable pride ;
The passing pomp so dazzled from afar,
It seem'd a triumph, rather than a war.
'Though wide the front, though gross the phalanx grew,
It look'd less dreadful as it nearer grew. 226

The adverse host for action straight prepare ;
All eager to unveil the face of war.
Their chiefs lace on their helms, and take the field,
And to their trusty squire resign the shield : 230
To paint each knight, their ardour, and alarms,
Would ask the muse that sung the frogs in arms.

And now the signal summons to the fray ;
Mock falchions flash, and paltry ensigns play.
Their patron god his silver bow-strings twangs ; 235
Tough harness rustles, and bold armour clangs ;
The piercing caustics ply their spiteful power ;
Emetics ranch, and keen cathartics scour ;
The deadly drugs in double doses fly ;
And pestles peal a martial symphony. 240

Now from their level'd syringes they pour
The liquid volley of a missive shower.
Not storms of sleet, which o'er the Baltic drive,
Push'd on by northern gusts, such horror give.
Like spouts in southern seas the deluge broke, 245
And numbers sunk beneath th' impetuous stroke.

So when Leviathans dispute the reign
And uncontroll'd dominion of the main ;
From the rent rocks whole coral groves are torn,
And isles of sea-weed on the waves are borne, 250
Such watery stores from their spread nostrils fly,
'Tis doubtful which is sea, and which is sky.

And now the staggering braves, led by despair,
Advance, and to return the charge prepare,

Each seizes for his shield a spacious scale, 255
 And the brags weights fly thick as showers of hail.
 Whole heaps of warriors welter on the ground,
 With gally-pots and broken phials crown'd ;
 Whilst empty jars the dire defeat resound,

Thus when some storm its crystal quarry rends, 260
 And Jove in rattling showers of ice descends,
 Mount Athos shakes the forests on his brow,
 Whilst down his wounded sides fresh torrents flow,
 And leaves and limbs of trees o'erspread the vale below.

But now, all order lost, promiscuous blows 265
 Confus'dly fall ; perplex'd the battle grows.
 From Stentor's* arm a massy opiate flies,
 And straight a deadly sleep clos'd Carus' eyes.

At Colon† great Sertorius Buckthorn flung,
 Who with fierce gripes, like those of death, was stung ;
 But with a dauntless and disdainful mein, 274
 Hurl'd back steel pills, and hit him on the spleen.

Chiron‡ attack'd Talthibius with such might,
 One pals had paunch'd the huge hydropic knight,
 Who straight retreated to evade the wound, 275
 But in a flood of apozem was drown'd.

This Psylas|| saw, and to the victor said,
 Thou shalt not long survive th' unwieldy dead,
 Thy fate shall follow ; to confirm it, swore,
 By the image of Priapus, which he bore : 280
 And rais'd an eagle-stone, invoking loud
 On Cynthia, leaning o'er a silver cloud :

Great queen of night, and empress of the seas,
 If faithful to thy midnight mysteries,
 If, still observant of my early vows, 285
 These hands have eas'd the mourning matron's throes,
 Direct this rais'd avenging arm aright ;
 So may loud cymbals aid thy labouring light.
 He said, and let the ponderous fragment fly
 At Chiron, but learn'd Hermes put it by. 290

Though the haranguing god survey'd the war,
 That day the muses' sons were not his care ;

* Dr. Goodall against Dr. Tyson.

† Dr. Birch.

‡ Dr. Gill against Dr. Ridley.

|| Dr. Chamberlain.

Two friends, adepts, the Trismegists by name,
 Alike their features, and alike their flame;
 As simpling near fair Tweed each sung by turn, 295
 The listening river would neglect his urn.
 Those lives they fail'd to rescue by their skill,
 Their muse could make immortal with her quill;
 But learn'd inquiries after nature's state
 Dissolv'd the league, and kindled a debate. 300
 The one, for lofty labours fruitful known,
 Fill'd magazines with volumes of his own.
 At his once-favour'd friend a tome he threw,
 That from its birth had slept unseen till now;
 Stunn'd with the blow, the batter'd bard retir'd, 305
 Sunk down, and in a simile expir'd.

And now the cohorts shake, the legions ply,
 The yielding flanks confess the victory.
 Stentor, undaunted still, with noble rage
 Sprung through the battle, Querpo to engage. 310
 Fierce was the onset, the dispute was great,
 Both could not vanquish, neither would retreat;
 Each combatant his adversary mauls,
 With batter'd bed-pans, and stav'd urinals.
 On Stentor's crest the usual crystal breaks, 315
 And tears of amber gutter'd down his cheeks;
 But whilst the champion, as late rumours tell,
 Design'd a sure decisive stroke, he fell:
 And as the victor hovering o'er him stood,
 With arms extended, thus the suppliant sued: 320

When honour's lost, 'tis a relief to die;
 Death's but a sure retreat from infamy.
 But to the lost if pity might be shown,
 Reflect on young Querpoides thy son;
 Then pity mine, for such an infant grace 325
 Smiles in his eyes, and flatters in his face.
 If he was near, compassion he'd create,
 Or else lament his wretched parent's fate.
 Thine is the glory, and the field is thine;
 To thee the lov'd Dispensary I resign. 330

At this the victors own such ecstasies,
 As Memphian priests if their Osiris sneeze:

Or champions with Olympic clangor fir'd ;
 Or simpering prudes with sprightly Nantz inspir'd ;
 Or sultans rais'd from dungeons to a crown ; 335
 Or fasting zealots when the sermon's done.

Awhile the chief the deadly stroke declin'd,
 And found compassion pleading in his mind.
 But whilst he view'd with pity the distress'd,
 He spy'd Signetur* writ upon his breast. 340
 Then tow'rd's the skies he tols'd his threatening head,
 And, fir'd with more than mortal fury, said :

Sooner than I'll from vow'd revenge desist,
 His Holiness shall turn a Quietest ;
 Jansenius and the Jesuits agree, 345
 The inquisition wink at heresy.

Warm convocations own the church secure,
 And more consult her doctrine than her power.

With that he drew a lancet in his rage,
 To puncture the still supplicating sage. 350
 But, while his thoughts that fatal stroke decree,
 Apollo interpos'd in form of fee.

The chief great Pæan's golden tresses knew,
 He own'd the god, and his rais'd arm withdrew.

Thus often at the Temple-stairs we've seen, 355
 Two tritons, of a rough athletic mein,
 Sourly dispute some quarrel of the flood,
 With knuckles bruis'd, and face besmear'd in blood ;
 But, at the first appearance of a fare,
 Both quit the fray, and to their oars repair. 360

The hero so his enterprize recalls,
 His fist unclinch'es, and the weapon falls.

* Those members of the college that observe a late statute, are called by the apothecaries "Signetur men."

CANTO VI.

WHILE the shrill changor of the battle reigns,
 Auspicious Health appear'd on zephyr's wings;
 She seem'd a cherub most divinely bright,
 More soft than air, more gay than morning-light.
 A charm she takes from each excelling fair, 5
 And borrows Carlisle's shape, and Grafton's air.
 Her eyes like Ranelagh's their beams dispense,
 With Churchill's bloom, and Berkley's innocence;
 On Iris thus the differing beams bestow
 The dye, that paints the wonders of her bow; 10
 From the fair nymph a vocal music falls,
 As to Machaon thus the goddess calls:

Enough th' achievement of your arms you've shown,
 You seek a triumph you should blush to own.

Haste to the Elysian fields, those blest abodes, 15
 Where Harvey sits among the demi-gods.
 Consult that sacred sage, he'll soon disclose
 The method that must mollify these woes.
 Let Celsus* for that enterprize prepare,
 His conduct to the shades shall be my care. 20

Aghast the heroes stood dissolv'd in fear,
 A form so heavenly bright they could not bear;
 Celsus, alone unmov'd, the sight beheld,
 The rest in pale confusion left the field.

So when the pygmies, marshal'd on the plains, 25
 Wage puny war against th' invading cranes;
 The puppets to their bodkin spears repair,
 And scatter'd feathers flutter in the air;
 But, when the bold imperial bird of Jove
 Stoops on his sounding pinions from above, 30
 Among the brakes the fairy nation crowds,
 And the Strimonian Squadron seeks the clouds.

And now the delegate prepares to go
 And view the wonders of the realms below;
 Then takes Amomum for the golden bough. 35

* Dr. Bateman,

Thrice did the goddess with her sacred wand
The pavement strike; and straight at her command
The willing surface opens, and describes
A deep descent that leads to nether skies.

Hygeia to the silent region tends;
And with his heavenly guide the charge descends.
Thus Numæ, when to hallow'd caves retir'd,
Was by Ægeria guarded and inspir'd.

Within the chambers of the globe they spy
The beds where sleeping vegetables lie,
Till the glad summons of a genial ray
Unbinds the glebe, and calls them out to day.
Hence pancies trick themselves in various hue,
And hence jonquils derive their fragrant dew;
Hence the carnation and the bashful rose
Their virgin blushes to the morn disclose;
Hence the chaste lily rises to the light,
Unveils her snowy breasts, and charms the sight;
Hence arbours are with twining greens array'd,
T' oblige complaining lovers with their shade;
And hence on Daphne's laurel'd forehead grow
Immortal wreaths for Phœbus and Nassau.

The insects here their lingering trance survive:
Benumb'd they seem'd, and doubtful if alive.

From winter's fury hither they repair,
And stay for milder skies and softer air,
Down to these cells obscener reptiles creep,
Where hateful nutes and painted lizards sleep;
Where shivering snakes the summer solstice wait:
Unfurl their painted folds, and slide in state.

Here their new form the numb'd herucæ hide
Their numerous feet in slender bandage ty'd:
Soon as the kindling ear begins to rise,
This upstart race their native clod despise,
And proud of painted wings attempt the skies.

Now those profounder regions they explore,
Where metals ripen in vast cakes of ore.
Here, sullen to the sight, at large is spread
The dull unweildy mass of lumpish lead.

THE DISPENSARY.

There, glimmering in their dawning beds, are seen 75
The light aspiring seeds of sprightly tin.

The copper sparkles next in ruddy streaks ;
And in the gloom betrays its glowing cheeks.
The silver then, with bright and burnish'd grace,
Youth and a blooming lustre in its face, 80
To th' arms of those more yielding metal flies,
And in the folds of their embraces lies.

So close they cling, so stubbornly retire,
Their love's more violent than the chymist's fire.

Near these the delegate with wonder spies 85
Where floods of living silver serpentise ;
Where richest metals their bright looks put on,
And golden streams through amber channels run :
Where light's gay god descends, to ripen gems,
And lend a lustre brighter than his beams. 90

Here he observes the subterranean cells,
Where wanton nature sports in idle shells.
Some helicoides, some conical appear :
'These, mitres emulate, those turbans are.
Here marcasites in various figure wait, 95
To ripen to a true metallic state :

Till drops that from impending rocks descend
Their substance petrify, and progress end.
Nigh, livid seas of kindled sulphur flow,
And whilst enrag'd, their fiery surges glow, 100
Convulsions in the labouring mountains rise,
And hurl their melted vitals to the skies.

He views with horror next the noisy cave,
Where with hoarse dins imprison'd tempests rave ;
Where clamorous hurricanes attempt their flight, 105
Or, whirling in tumultuous eddies, fight,
The warring winds unmov'd Hygeia heard,
Brav'd their loud jars, but much for Celsus fear'd.
Andromæda so, whilst her hero fought,
Shook for his danger, but her own forgot. 110

And now the goddess with her charge descends,
Whilst scarce one cheerful glimpse their steps befriends.
Here his forsaken seat old Chaos keeps ;
And undisturb'd by form, in silence sleeps ;

A grizzly wight, and hideous to the eye. 115

An awkward lump of shameless anarchy.

With fordid age his features are defac'd :

His lands unpeopled, and his countries waste.

To these dark realms much learned lumber creeps 120

There copious Morton safe in silence sleeps ;

Where mushroom libels in oblivion lie,

And, soon as born, like other monsters, die.

Upon a couch of jet, in these abodes,

Dull night, his melancholy consort, nods.

No ways and means their cabinet employ ; 125

But their dark hours they waste in barren joy.

Nigh this recess with terror they survey

Where death maintains his dread tyrannic sway.

In the close covert of a cypress grove,

Where goblins frisk, and airy spectres rove, 130

Yawns a dark cave, with awful horror wide,

And there the monarch's triumphs are descry'd ;

Confus'd, and wildly huddled to the eye,

The beggar's pouch and prince's purple lie ;

Dim lamps with sickly rays scarce seem to glow ; 135

Sighs heave in mournful moans, and tears o'erflow ;

Restless anxiety, forlorn despair,

And all the faded family of care ;

Old mouldering urns, racks, daggers, and distress,

Make up the frightful horror of the place. 140

Within its dreadful jaws those furies wait,

Which execute the harsh decrees of fate.

Febris is first : the hag relentless hears

The virgin's sighs, and sees the infant's tears.

In her parch'd eye-balls fiery meteors reign ; 145

And restless ferments revel in each vein.

Then hydrops next appears among the throng ;

Bloated and big, she slowly sails along.

But, like a miser, in excess she's poor,

And pines for thirst amidst her watery store. 150

Now loathsome Lepra, that offensive spright,

With foul eruptions stain'd, offends the sight ;

Still deaf to beauty's soft persuading power ;

Nor can bright Hebe's charms her bloom secure.

Whilst meagre Pthisis gives a silent blow, 135
 Her strokes are sure, but her advances slow :
 No loud alarms, nor fierce assaults are shewn ;
 She starves the fortress first, then takes the town.
 Behind stood crowds of much inferior fame,
 Too numerous to repeat, too foul to name ; 160
 The vassals of their monarch's tyranny,
 Who, at his nod, on fatal errands fly.

Now Celsus, with his glorious guide invades
 The silent region of the fleeting shades ;
 Where rocks and rueful deserts are descri'd, 165
 And sullen Styx rolls down his lazy tide ;
 Then shows the ferry-man the plant he bore,
 And claims his passage to the further shore.
 To whom the Stygian pilot, smiling, said,
 You need no passport to demand our aid, 170
 Physicians never linger on this strand :

Old Charon's present still at your command.
 Our awful monarch and his consort owe
 To them the peopling of the realms below.
 Then in his swarthy hand he grasp'd the oar, 175
 Receiv'd his guests aboard, and shov'd from shore.

Now, as the goddess and her charge prepare
 To breathe the sweets of soft Elysian air,
 Upon the left they spy a pensive shade,
 Who on his bended arm had rais'd his head ; 180
 Pale grief sat heavy on his mournful look ;
 To whom, not unconcern'd, thus Celsus spoke :

Tell me, thou much afflicted shade, why sighs
 Burst from your breast, and torrents from your eyes :
 And who those mangled manes are, which show 185
 A sullen satisfaction at your woe ?

Since, said the ghost, with pity you'll attend,
 Know I'm Guaium*, once your firmest friend ;
 And on this barren beach in discontent
 Am doom'd to stay, till th' angry powers relent. 190
 Those spectres, seam'd with scars, that threaten there,
 The victims of my late ill conduct are.

They vex with endless clamours my repose:
 This wants his palate, that demands his nose:
 And here they execute stern Pluto's will, 195
 And ply me every moment with a pill.

Then Celsus thus: O much-lamented state!
 How rigid is the sentence you relate!
 Methinks I recollect your former air,
 But ah! how much you're chang'd from what you were! 201
 Inspid as your late ptisans you lie,

That once were sprightlier far than Mercury.
 At the sad tale you tell, the poppies weep,
 And mourn their vegetable souls a sleep;
 The unctuous larix, and the healing pine, 205
 Lament your fate in tears of turpentine.

But still the offspring of your brain shall prove
 The grocer's care, and brave the rage of Jove:
 When bonfires blaze, your vagrant works shall rise
 In rockets, till they reach the wondering skies. 210

If mortals ere the Stygian powers could bend,
 Intreaties to their awful seats I'll send.
 But, since no human arts the fates dissuade,
 Direct me how to find blest'd Harvey's shade.

In vain th' unhappy ghost still urg'd his stay; 115
 Then, rising from the ground, he shew'd the way.
 Nigh the dull shore a shapeless mountain stood,
 That with a dreadful frown, survey'd the flood.

Its fearful brow no lively greens put on;
 No frisking goats bound o'er the ridgy stone. 120
 To gain the summit the bright goddess try'd;
 And Celsus follow'd, by degrees his guide.

Th' ascent thus conquer'd, now they tour on high,
 And taste th' indulgence of a milder sky.
 Loose breezes on their airy pinions play, 225
 Soft infant blossoms their chaste odours pay,
 And roses blush their fragrant lives away.

Cool streams through flowery meadows gently glide;
 And, as they pass, their painted banks they chide.
 These blissful plains no blights nor mildews fear, 230
 The flowers ne'er fade, and shrubs are myrtles here,

The morn awakes the tulip from her bed ;
 Ere noon in painted pride she decks her head,
 Rob'd in rich dye she triumphs on the green,
 And every flower does homage to their queen. 235

So, when bright Venus rises from the flood,
 Around the throngs the wondering Nereids crowd ;
 The Tritons gaze, and tune each vocal shell,
 And every grace unsung, the waves conceal.

The delegate observes, with wondering eyes, 240
 Ambrosial dews descend, and incense rise ;
 Then hastens onward to the pensive grove,
 The silent mansion of disastrous love.

Here jealousy with jaundic'd looks appears,
 And broken slumbers, and fantastic fears. 245

The widow'd turtle hangs her moulting wings,
 And to the woods in mournful murmurs sings.

No winds but sighs there are, no floods but tears :
 Each conscious tree a tragic signal bears.

Their wounded bark records some broken vow, 250
 And willow-garlands hang on every bough.

Olivia here in solitude he found,
 Her down cast eyes fix'd on the silent ground :
 Her dress neglected, and unbound her hair,
 She seem'd the dying image of despair. 255

How lately did this celebrated thing
 Blaze in the box, and sparkle in the ring ;

Till the green sickness and love's force betray'd
 To death's remorseless arms th' unhappy maid :

All o'er confus'd the guilty lover stood, 260
 The light forsook his eyes, his cheeks the blood ;

An icy horror shiver'd in his look,
 As to the cold complexion'd nymph he spoke :

Tell me, dear shade, from whence such anxious care,
 Your looks disorder'd, and your bosom bare ? 265

Why thus you languish like a drooping flower,
 Crush'd by the weight of some relentless shower ?

Your languid looks your late ill-conduct tell ;
 Oh that, instead of trash, you'd taken steel ! 269

Stabb'd with th' unkind reproach, the conscious
 Thus to her late insulting lover said : [maid.

When ladies listen not to loose desire,
 You style our modesty our want of fire:
 Smile or forbid, encourage or reprove,
 You still find reasons to believe we love; 275
 Vainly you think a liking we betray,
 And never mean the peevish things we say.
 Few are the fair-ones of Rufilla's make,
 Unask'd she grants, uninjur'd she'll forsake:
 But several Cælias, several ages boast, 280
 That like, where reason recommends the most.
 Where heavenly truth and tenderness conspire,
 Chaste passion may persuade us to desire.

Your sex, he cry'd, as custom bids, behaves;
 Informs the tyrant ties such haughty slaves 285
 To do nice conduct right, you nature wrong;
 Impulses are but weak, where reason's strong.
 Some want the courage; but how few the flame!
 They like the thing, that startle at the name.
 The lonely phoenix, though profess'd a nun, 290
 Warms into love, and kindles at the sun;
 Those tales of spicy urns and fragrant fires
 Are but the emblems of her scorch'd desires.

Then, as he strove to clasp the fleeting fair,
 His empty arms confess'd th' impassive air. 295
 From his embrace th' unbodily spectre flies,
 And, as she mov'd, she chid him with her eyes.

They hasten now to that delightful plain,
 Where the glad manes of the blest'd remain;
 Where Harvey gathers simples, to bestow. 300
 Immortal youth or heroes' shades below.
 Soon as the bright Hygeia was in view,
 The venerable sage her presence knew;
 Thus he—

Hail, blooming goddess! thou propitious power, 305
 Whose blessings mortals more than life implore!
 With so much lustre your bright looks endear,
 That cottages are courts where those appear.
 Mankind, as you vouchsafe to smile or frown,
 Finds ease in chains, or anguish in a crown. 310

With just resentment and contempt you see
 The foul dissensions of the faculty ;
 How your sad sickening art now hangs her head,
 And, once a science, is become a trade.
 Her sons ne'er rifle her mysterious store, 315
 But study nature less, and lucre more.
 Not so when Rome to th' Epidaurian rais'd
 A temple, where devoted incense blaz'd,
 Oft father Tiber views the lofty fire :
 As the learn'd son is worshipp'd like the fire ; 320
 The sage with Romulus like honours claim ;
 The gift of life and laws were then the same.
 I shou'd of old, how vital currents glide,
 And the meanders of the reflux tide.
 Then, Willis, why spontaneous actions here, 325
 And whence involuntary motions there :
 And how the spirits, by mechanic laws,
 In wild careers tumultuous riots cause.
 Nor would our Wharton, Bates, and Glisson, lie
 In the abyss of blind obscurity. 330
 But now such wondrous searches are foreborn,
 And Baan's art is by divisions torn,
 Then let your charge attend, and I'll explain
 How her lost health your science may regain.
 Haste, and the matchless Atticus address, 335
 From Heaven and great Nassau he has the inace.
 Th' oppress'd to his asylum still repair ;
 Arts he supports, and learning is his care,
 He softens the harsh rigour of the laws, 339
 Blunts their keen edge, and grinds their harpy claws ;
 And graciously he casts a pitying eye
 On the sad state of virtuous poverty.
 Whene'er he speaks, Heaven ! how the listening throng
 Dwells on the melting music of his tongue !
 His arguments are emblems of his mien, 345
 Mild, but not faint, and forcing, though serene :
 And, when the power of eloquence he'd try,
 Here lightning strikes you ; their soft breezes sigh.
 To him you must your sickly state refer,
 Your charter claims him as your visiter. 355

Your wounds he'll close, and sovereignly restore
Your science to the height it had before.

Then Nassau's health shall be our glorious aim,
His life shall be as lasting as his fame.
Some princes' claims from devastations spring; 355
He condescends in pity to be king;
And, when amidst his olives plac'd he stands,
And governs more by candour than commands;
Ev'n then not less a hero he appears,
Than when his laurel diadem he wears. 360

Would Phœbus, or his Granville, but inspire
Their sacred vehemence of poetic fire;
To celebrate in song that godlike power,
Which did the labouring universe restore:
Fair Albions cliffs would echo to the strain, 365
And praise the arm that conquer'd, to regain
The earth's repose, and empire o'er the main.

Still may th' immortal man his cares repeat,
To make his blessings endless as they're great:
Whilst malice and ingratitude confess 370
They've strove for ruin long without success.
When, late, Jove's eagle from the pile shall rise
To bear the victor to the boundless skies,
A while the god puts off paternal care,
Neglects the earth, to give the heavens a star. 375
Near thee, Alcides, shall the hero shine;
His rays resembling, as his labours, thine.

Had some fam'd patriot, of the Latian blood,
Like Julius great, and like Octavius good,
But thus preserv'd the Latian liberties, 380
Aspiring columns soon had reach'd the skies:
Loud Io's the proud capitol had shook,
And all the statues of the gods had spoke.

No more the sage his raptures could pursue:
He paus'd; and Celsus with his guide withdrew. 385

CLAREMONT.

Addressed to

THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF CLARE,
AFTERWARDS DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

“--- Dryadum sylvas, saltusque sequamur
“Intactos, tua, Mæcenas, haud mollia iussa.”
Virgil.

PREFACE.

THEY that have seen those two excellent poems of Cooper's Hill, and Windsor-Forest, the one by Sir J. Denham, the other by Mr. Pope, will shew a great deal of candour if they approve of this. It was written, upon giving the name of Claremont, to a villa now belonging to the Earl of Clare. The situation is so agreeable and surprising, that it inclines one to think some place of this nature put Ovid at first upon the story of Narcissus and Echo. It is probable he had observed some spring arising amongst woods and rocks, where echoes were heard, and some flower bending over the stream, and by consequence reflected from it. After reading the story in the third book of the Metamorphoses, it is obvious to object (as an ingenious friend has already done) that the renewing the charms of a nymph, of which Ovid had dispossessed her,

“----- vox tantum atque ossa supersunt,”

is too great a violation of poetical authority. I dare say the gentleman who is meant, would have been well pleased to have found no faults. There are not many authors one can say the same of: experience shews us every day that there are writers who cannot bear a brother should succeed, and the only refuge from their indignation is by being inconsistent; upon which reflection, this thing ought to have a pretence to their favour.

They who would be more informed of what relates to the ancient Britons, and the Druids their priests, may consult Pliny, Ovid, and the other classic authors that have mentioned them.

CLAREMONT.

WHAT frenzy has of late possess'd the brain!
Though few can write, yet fewer can refrain.
So rank our soil, or bards rise in such store,
Their rich retaining patrons scarce are more.
The last indulge the fault the first commit;
And take of still the offal of their wit.
So shameless, so abandon'd are their ways;
They poach Parnassus, and lay snares for praise.

None ever can without admirers live,
 Who have a pension or a place to give. 10
 Great ministers ne'er fail of great deserts;
 The herald gives them blood, the poet parts.
 Sense is of course annex'd to wealth and power;
 No muse is proof against a golden shower.
 Let but his lordship write some poor lampoon, 15
 He's Horrac'd up in doggrel like his own:
 Or, if to rant in tragic rage he yields,
 False fame cries—Athens; honest truth—Moorfields.
 Thus fool'd, he flounces on through floods of ink;
 Flags with full sail, and rises but to sink. 20

Some venal pens so prostitute the bays;
 Their panegyric lash; their satires praise.
 So nauseously, and so unlike, they paint,
 N——'s an Adonis; M——r, a saint.
 Metius with those fam'd heros is compar'd, 25
 That led in triumph Porus and Tallard.
 But such a shameless muse must laughter move,
 That aims to make Salmonius vie with Jove.

To form great works, puts fate itself to pain;
 E'en nature labours for a mighty man, 30
 And, to perpetuate her hero's fame,
 She strains no less a poet next to frame.
 Rare as the hero's, is the poet's rage;
 Churchills and Drydens rise but once an age.
 With earthquakes towering Pindar's birth begun; 35
 And an eclipse produc'd Alcmena's son.
 The fire of gods o'er Phœbus cast a shade;
 But, with a hero, well the world repaid.

No bard of bribes should prostitute his vein;
 Nor dare to flatter where he should arraign. 40
 To grant big Thrafo valour, Phormio sense,
 Should indignation give, at least offence.

I hate such mercenaries, and would try
 From this reproach to rescue poetry.
 Apollo's sons should scorn the servile art, 45
 And to court-preachers leave the fulsome part.

What then—You'll say, Must no true sterling pass,
 Because impure allays some coin debase?

Yes, praise, if justly offer'd, I'll allow ;
 And, when I meet with merit, scribble too. 50
 The man who's honest, open, and a friend,
 Glad to oblige, uneasy to offend ;
 Forgiving others, to himself severe ;
 Though earnest, easy ; civil, yet sincere ;
 Who seldom but through great good-nature errs ; 55
 Detesting fraud as much as flatterers,
 'Tis he my muse's homage should receive ;
 If I could write, or Holles could forgive.
 But pardon, learned youth, that I decline
 A name so lov'd by me, so lately thine. 60
 When Pelham you resign'd what could repair
 A loss so great, unless Newcastle's heir ?
 Hydaspes, that the Asian plains divides,
 From his bright urn in purest crystal glides ;
 But, when new gathering streams enlarge his course,
 He's Indus nam'd, and rolls with mightier force ; 66
 In fabled floods of gold his current flows,
 And wealth on nations, as he runs, bestows.

Direct me, Clare, to name some nobler muse,
 That for her theme thy late recess may choose ; 70
 Such bright descriptions shall the subject dress ;
 Such vary'd scenes, such pleasing images,
 That swains shall leave their lawns and nymphs their
 bowers,

And quit Arcadia for a seat like yours.

But say, who shall attempt th' adventurous part 75
 Where Nature borrows dress from Vanburgh's art ?

If, by Apollo taught, he touch the lyre,
 Stones mount in columns, palaces aspire,
 And rocks are animated with his fire.
 'Tis he can paint in verse those rising hills 80
 Their gentle vallies, and their silver rills ;
 Close groves, and opening glades with verdure spread,
 Flowers sighing sweets, and shrubs that balsam bleed ;
 With gay variety the prospect crown'd,
 And all the bright horizon smiling round. 85
 Whilst I attempt to tell how ancient fame
 Records from whence the villa took its name.

In times of old, when British nymphs were known
 To love no foreign fashions like their own;
 When dress was monstrous, and fig-leaves the mode,
 And quality put on no paint but woad; 91
 Of Spanish red unheard was then the name,
 (For cheeks were only taught to blush for shame;)
 No beauty, to increase her crowd of slaves,
 Rose out of wash, as Venus out of waves; 95
 Not yet lead comb was on the toilet plac'd;
 Nor yet broad eye-brows were reduc'd by paste;
 No shape-smith set up shop, and drove a trade
 To mend the work wise providence had made;
 Tires were unheard of, and unknown the loom, 100
 And thrifty silk-worms spun for times to come;
 Bare limbs were then the marks of modesty;
 And like Diana were below the knee.
 The men appear'd a rough, undaunted race,
 Surly in show, unfashion'd in address; 105
 Upright in actions, and in thought sincere;
 And strictly were the same they would appear.
 Honour was plac'd in probity alone;
 For villains had no titles but their own.
 None travel'd to return politely mad; 110
 But still what fancy wanted, reason had.
 Whatever nature ask'd, their hands could give;
 Unlearn'd in feasts, they only eat to live.
 No cook with art increas'd physicians' fees,
 Nor serv'd up death in soups and fricasees; 115
 Their taste was, like their temper, unrefin'd,
 For looks were then the language of the mind.
 Ere right and wrong, by turns, set prices bore;
 And conscience had its rate like common whore;
 Or tools to great employments had pretence; 120
 Or merit was made out by impudence;
 Or coxcombs look'd assuming in affairs;
 And humble friends grew haughty ministers;
 In those good days of innocence, here stood
 Of oaks, with heads unshorn, a solemn wood, 125
 Frequented by the Druids, to bestow
 Religious honours on the Mistletoe.

The naturalists are puzzled to explain
 How trees did first this stranger entertain;
 Whether the busy birds ingraft it there; 130
 Or else some deity's mysterious care,
 As druids thought; for, when the blasted oak
 By lightning falls, this plant escapes the stroke.
 So, when the Gauls the towers of Rome defac'd,
 And flames drove forward with outrageous waste, 135
 Jove's favour'd capitol uninjur'd stood;
 So sacred was the mansion of a god.

Shades honour'd by this plant the Druids chose,
 Here, for the bleeding victims, altars rose.
 To Hermes oft they paid their sacrifice; 140
 Parent of arts, and patron of the wise.
 Good rules in mild persuasions they convey'd;
 Their lives confirming what their lectures said.
 None violated truth, invaded right;
 Yet had few laws, but will and appetite. 145
 The people's peace they studied and profess'd
 No politics but public interest.
 Hard was their lodging, homely was their food;
 For all their luxury was doing good.

No mitred priest did then with princes vie, 150
 Nor o'er his master claim supremacy;
 Nor were the rules of faith allow'd more pure,
 For being several centuries obscure,
 None lost their fortunes, forfeited their blood,
 For not believing what none understood. 155
 Nor simony, nor sinecure, were known;
 Nor would the bee work honey for the drone.
 Nor was the way invented to dismiss
 Fair Abigails with fat pluralities.

But then, in fillets bound, a hallowed band 160
 Taught how to tend the flocks, and till the land;
 Could tell what murrains in what months begun,
 And how the seasons travel'd with the sun;
 When his dim orb seem'd wading through the air,
 They told that rain on dropping wings drew near; 165
 And that the winds their bellying throats would try;
 When reddening clouds reflect his blood-shot eye;

All their remarks on nature's laws require
 More lines than would e'en Alpin's readers tire.
 This sect in sacred veneration held 170
 Opinions, by the Samian sage reveal'd ;
 That matter no annihilation knows,
 But wanders from these tenements to those ;
 For when the plastic particles are gone,
 They rally in some species like their own : 175
 The self-same atoms, if new jumbled, will
 In seas be restless, and in earth be still ;
 Can, in the truffle, furnish out a feast,
 And nauseate, in the scaly squill, the taste.
 Those falling leaves, that wither with the year, 180
 Will, in the next, on other stems appear.
 The sap, that now forsakes the bursting bud,
 In some new shoot will circulate green blood.
 The breath to-day that from the jasmine blows,
 Will, when the seasons offer, scent the rose ; 185
 And those bright flames that in carnations glow,
 Ere long will blanch the lily with a snow.
 They hold that matter must be still the same,
 And varies but in figure and in name ;
 And that the soul not dies, but shifts her seat, 190
 New rounds of life to run, or past repeat.
 Thus, when the brave and virtuous cease to live,
 In beings brave and virtuous they revive.
 Again shall Romulus in Nassau reign ;
 Great Namur in a Brunswick prince, ordain 195
 Good laws, and halcyon years shall hush the world again.
 The truths of old traditions were their theme ;
 Or gods descending in a morning dream.
 Past acts they cited ; and to come, foretold ;
 And could events, not ripe for fate, unfold : 200
 Beneath the shady covert of an oak,
 In rhymes uncouth, prophetic truths they spoke.
 Attend then, Clare ; nor is the legend long ;
 The story of thy villa is their song.
 The fair Montana, of the sylvan race, 205
 Was with each beauty blest'd, and every grace.

His fire, green Faunus, guardian of the wood ;
 His mother, a swift Naiad of the flood.
 Her silver urn supply'd the neighbouring streams,
 A darling daughter of the bounteous Thames. 210

Not lovelier seem's Narcissus to the eye ;
 Nor, when a flower, could boast more fragrantcy :
 His skin might with the down of swans compare ;
 More smooth than pearl ; than mountain snow more
 In shape so poplars or the cedars please ; [fair :
 But those are not so straight, nor graceful these ; 216
 His flowing hair in unforc'd ringlets hung ;
 Tuneful his voice ; persuasive was his tongue ;
 The haughtiest fair scarce heard without a wound,
 But sunk to softness at the melting sound. 220

The fourth bright lustre had but just begun
 To shade his blushing cheeks with doubtful down.
 All day he rang'd the woods, and spread the toils.
 And knew no pleasures but in sylvan spoils.
 In vain the nymphs put on each pleasing grace ; 225
 Too cheap the quarry seem'd, too short the chase ;
 For, though possession be th' undoubted view,
 To seize is far less pleasure than pursue.
 Those nymphs that yield too soon their charms impair,
 And prove at last but despicably fair. 230
 His own undoing, glutton love decrees,
 And palls the appetite he meant to please.
 His slender wants too largely he supplies ;
 Thrives on short meals, but by indulgence dies.

A grot there was, with hoary moss o'ergrown, 235
 Rough with rude shells, and arch'd with mould'ring
 Sad silence reigns within the lonesome wall, [stone ;
 And weeping rills but whisper as they fall ;
 The clasping ivies up the ruin creep,
 And there the bat and drowsy beetle sleep. 240

This cell sad Echo chose, by love betray'd,
 A fit retirement for a mourning maid.
 Hither, fatigu'd with toil, the sylvan flies,
 To shun the calenture of sultry skies ;
 But feels a fiercer flame ; love's keenest dart 245
 Finds, through his eyes, a passage to his heart.

Pensive the virgin fate, with folded arms,
 Her tears but lending lustre to her charms.
 With pity he beholds her wounding woes ;
 But wants himself the pity he bestows. 250

Oh ! whether of a mortal born, he cries,
 Or some fair daughter of the distant skies ;
 That, in compassion, leave your crystal sphere,
 To guard some favour'd charge, and wander here ;
 Slight not my suit, nor too ungentle prove ; 255
 But pity one, a novice yet in love.
 If words avail not, see my suppliant tears ;
 Nor disregard those dumb petitioners.

From his complaint the tyrant virgin flies,
 Asserting all the empire of her eyes. 260

Full thrice three years he lingers out in grief,
 Nor seeks from sleep, or sustenance, relief.
 The lamp of life now casts a glimmering light ;
 The meeting lids his setting eyes benight.
 What force remains the hapless lover tries ; 265
 Invoking thus his kindred deities :

Haste, parents of the flood, your race to mourn ;
 With tears replenish each exhausted urn ;
 Retake the life you gave ; but let the maid
 Fall a just victim to an injur'd shade. 270
 More he endeavour'd ; but the accents hung
 Half form'd, and stopp'd unfinish'd on his tongue.

For him the graces their sad vigils keep ;
 Love broke his bow, and wish'd for eyes to weep.
 What gods can do, the mournful faunus tries ; 275
 A mount erecting where the sylvan lies.

The rural powers the wond'rous pile survey,
 And piously their different honours pay.
 Th' ascent with verdant herbage Pales spread,
 And nymphs, transform'd to laurels, lent their shade.
 Her stream a Naiad from the basis pours ; 281
 And Flora strews the summit with her flowers.
 Alone Mount Latmos claims pre-eminence,
 When silver Cynthia lights the world from thence.

Sad Echo now laments her rigour more 285
 Than for Narcissus her loose flame before.

CLAREMONT.

71

Her flesh to sin she shrinks, her charms are fled ;
 All day in rifted rocks she hides her head.
 Soon as the evening shews a sky serene,
 Abroad she strays, but never to be seen ; 290
 And ever, as the sleeping Naiads name
 Her cruelty, the nymph repeats the same ;
 With them she joins, her lover to deplore,
 And haunts the lonely dales he rang'd before.
 Her sex's privilege she yet retains ; 295
 And, though to nothing wasted, voice remains.
 So sung the Druids—then, with rapture fir'd,
 Thus utter what the Delphic god inspir'd ;
 Ere twice ten centuries shall fleet away,
 A Brunswick prince shall Britain's sceptre sway. 300
 No more fair liberty shall mourn her chains ;
 The maid is rescu'd, her lov'd Perseus reigns.
 From Jove he comes, the captive to restore ;
 Nor can the thunder of his fire do more.
 Religion shall dread nothing but disguise ; 305
 And Justice need no bandage for her eyes.
 Britannia smiles, nor fears a foreign lord,
 Her safety to secure, two powers accord,
 Her Neptune's trident, and her monarch's sword.
 Like him, shall his Augustus shine in arms, 310
 Though captive to his Carolina's charms.
 Ages with future heroes she shall bless,
 And Venus once more found an Alban race.

Then shall a Clare in honour's cause engage :
 Example must reclaim a graceless age ; 315
 Where guides themselves, for guilty views, mislead,
 And laws, e'en by the legislators, bleed ;
 His brave contempt of state shall teach the proud,
 None but the virtuous are of noble blood ;
 For tyrants are but princes in disguise, 320
 Though sprung by long descents from Ptolemies.
 Right he shall vindicate, good laws defend ;
 The firmest patriot, and the warmest friend.
 Great Edward's order early he shall wear,
 New light restoring to the sully'd star. 325

Oft will his leisure this retirement choose,
 Still finding future subjects for the muse;
 And, to record the sylvan's fatal flame,
 The place shall live in song, and Claremont be the name.

TO THE LADY LOUISA LENOX:

WITH OVID'S EPISTLES.

IN moving lines these few epistles tell
 What fate attends the nymph that likes too well:
 How faintly the successful lovers burn,
 And their neglected charms how ladies mourn.
 The fair, you'll find, when soft entreaties fail, 5
 Assert their uncontested right, and rail.
 Too soon they listen, and resent too late;
 'Tis sure they love, whene'er they strive to hate.
 Their sex or proudly shuns, or poorly craves;
 Commencing tyrants, and concluding slaves. 10

In different breasts, what different passions glow!
 Ours kindle quick, but yours extinguish slow.
 The fire we boast with force uncertain burns,
 And breaks but out as appetite returns:
 But yours, like incense, mounts by soft degrees, 15
 And in a fragrant flame consumes to please.

Your sex, in all that can engage, excel;
 And ours in patience, and persuading well.
 Imperial Nature equally decrees:
 You have your pride, and we our perjuries. 20
 Though form'd to conquer, yet too oft you fall,
 By giving nothing, or by granting all.

But, Madam, long will your unpractis'd years
 Smile at the tale of lovers' hopes and fears.
 Though infant graces sooth your gentle hours, 25
 More soft than sighs, more sweet than breathing flowers;
 Let rash admirers your keen lightning fear;
 'Tis bright if distant, but destroys if near.

The time ere long, if verse presage, will come,
 Your charms shall open in full Brudenell bloom. 30
 All eyes shall gaze, all hearts shall homage vow,
 And not a lover languish but for you.

The muse shall string her lyre, with garlands crown'd,
And each bright nymph shall sicken at the sound.

So, when Aurora first salutes the light, 35
Pleas'd we behold the tender dawn of light;
But, when with riper red she warms the skies,
In circling throngs the wing'd musicians rise,
And the gay groves rejoice in symphonies.
Each pearly flower with painted beauty shines,
And every star its fading fire resigns. 41

TO RICHARD EARL OF BURLINGTON,

WITH OVID'S ART OF LOVE.

MY LORD,

OUR poet's rules, in easy numbers, tell,
He felt the passion he describes so well.
In that soft art successfully refin'd,
Though angry Cæsar frown'd, the fair were kind.
More ills from love than tyrant's malice flow; 5
Jove's thunder strikes less sure than Cupid's bow.

Ovid both felt the pain and found the ease;
Physicians study most their own disease.
The practice of that age in this we try,
Ladies would listen then, and lovers lie. 10
Who flatter'd most the fair were most polite,
Each thought her own admirer in the right;
To be but faintly rude was criminal,
But to be boldly so aton'd for all.
Breeding was banish'd for the fair ones' sake, 15
The sex ne'er gives, but suffers ours should take.

Advice to you, my lord, in vain we bring;
The flowers ne'er fail to meet the blooming spring.
Though you possess all nature's gifts, take care;
Love's queen has charms, but fatal is her snare. 20

On all that goddess her false smiles bestows;
As on the seas she reigns, from whence she rose.
Young Zephyrs sigh with fragrant breath, soft gales
Guide her gay barge, and swell the silken sails:
Each silver wave in beauteous order moves, 25
Fair as her bosom, gentle as her doves;

But he that once embarks, too surely finds
 A sullen sky, black storms, and angry winds ;
 Cares, fears, and anguish, hovering on the coast,
 And wrecks of wretches by their folly lost. 30

When coming time shall bless you with a bride,
 Let passion not persuade, but reason guide ;
 Instead of gold, let gentle truth endear ;
 She has most charms who is the most sincere.
 Shun vain variety, 'tis but disease ; 35
 Weak appetites are ever hard to please.
 The nymph must fear to be inquisitive ;
 'Tis for the sex's quiet to believe.
 Her air an easy confidence must shew,
 And shun to find what she would dread to know ; 40
 Still charming with all arts that can engage,
 And be the Juliana of the age. 42

TO THE DUCHESS OF BOLTON,

ON HER STAYING ALL THE WINTER IN THE COUNTRY.

CEASE rural conquests, and set free your swains
 To Dryads leave the groves, to nymphs the plains.
 In pensive dales alone let Echo dwell,
 And each sad sigh she hears with sorrow tell.
 Haste, let your eyes at Kent's Pavillion* shine, 5
 It wants but stars, and then the work's divine.
 Of late fame only tells of yielding towns,
 Of captive generals, and protested crowns :
 Of purchas'd laurels, and of battles won,
 Lines forc'd, states vanquish'd, provinces o'errun, 10
 And all Alcides' labour summ'd in one.
 The brave must to the fair now yield the prize,
 And English arms submit to English eyes :
 In which bright list among the first you stand ;
 Though each a goddess or a Sunderland. 15

* A Gallery at St. James's.

TO THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH,
ON HIS VOLUNTARY BANISHMENT.

GO, mighty prince, and those great nations see,
Which thy victorious arms before made free;
View that fam'd column, where thy name engrav'd
Shall tell their children who their empire sav'd;
Point out that marble where thy worth is shewn,
To every grateful country but thy own.
O censure undeserv'd! unequal fate!
Which strove to lessen him who made her great:
Which pamper'd with success, and rich in fame,
Extoll'd his conquests, but condemn'd his name. 10
But virtue is a crime when plac'd on high,
Though all the fault's in the beholder's eye;
Yet he, untouch'd, as in the heat of wars,
Flies from no danger but domestic jars,
Smiles at the dart which angry envy shakes; 15
And only fears for her whom he forsakes:
He grieves to find the course of virtue cross'd,
Blushing to see our blood no better lost;
Disdains in factious parties to contend,
And proves in absence most Britannia's friend. 20
So the great Scipio of old, to shun
That glorious envy which his arms had won,
Far from his dear ungrateful Rome retir'd,
Prepar'd, whene'r his country's cause requir'd,
To shine in peace or war, and be again admir'd. 25

TO THE EARL OF GODOLPHIN.

WHILST weeping Europe bends beneath her ills,
And, where the sword destroys not, famine kills;
Our isle enjoys, by your successful care,
The pomp of peace, amidst the woes of war.
So much the public to your prudence owes,
You think no labours long for our repose:
Such conduct, such integrity, are shewn,
There are no coffers empty but your own.

From mean dependence merit you retrieve,
 Unask'd you offer, and unseen you give : 10
 Your favour, like the Nile, increase bestows,
 And yet conceals the source from whence it flows.
 No pomp, or grand appearance, you approve :
 A people at their ease is what you love :
 To lessen taxes, and a nation save, 15
 Are all the grants your services would have.
 Thus far the state-machine wants no repair,
 But moves in matchless order by your care ;
 Free from confusion, settled and serene ;
 And, like the universe, by springs unseen. 20
 But now some star, sinister to our prayers,
 Contrives new schemes, and calls you from affairs ;
 No anguish in your looks, or cares appear,
 But how to teach th' unpractis'd crew to steer.
 Thus, like a victim, no constraint you need, 25
 To expiate their offence by whom you bleed.
 Ingratitude's a weed of every clime,
 It thrives too fast at first, but fades in time.
 The god of day, and your own lot's the same ;
 The vapours you have rais'd, obscure your flame :
 But though you suffer, and awhile retreat,
 Your globe of light looks larger as you set. 30

ON HER MAJESTY'S STATUE

IN SAINT PAUL'S CHURCH YARD.

NEAR the vast bulk of that stupendous frame,
 Known by the Gentiles' great apostle's name ;
 With grace divine, great Anna's seen to rise,
 An awful form that glads a nation's eyes ;
 Beneath her feet four mighty realms appear, 5
 And with due reverence pay their homage there.
 Britain and Ireland seem to own her grace,
 And e'en wild India wears a smiling face.
 But France alone with downcast eyes is seen,
 The sad attendant of so good a queen : 10
 Ungrateful country ! to forget so soon,
 All that great Anna for thy sake has done :

When sworn the kind defender of thy cause,
 Spite of her dear religion, spite of laws;
 For thee she sheath'd the terrors of her sword, 15
 For thee she broke her general—and her word:
 For thee her mind in doubtful terms she told;
 And learn'd to speak like oracles of old.
 For thee, for thee alone, what could she more?
 She lost the honour she had gain'd before; 20
 Lost all the trophies, which her arms had won,
 (Such Cæsar never knew, nor Philip's son;)
 Resign'd the glories of a ten year's reign;
 And such as none but Marlborough's arm could gain.
 For thee in annals she's content to shine,
 Like other monarchs of the Stuart line. 26

ON THE NEW CONSPIRACY, 1716.

WHERE, where, degenerate countrymen—how
 high
 Will your fond folly and your madness fly?
 Are scenes of death and servile chains so dear;
 To sue for blood and bondage every year,
 Like rebel Jews, with too much freedom curst, 5
 To court a change, though certain of the worst?

There is no climate which you have not fought,
 Where tools of war and vagrant kings are bought;
 O! noble passion, to your country kind,
 To crown her with—the refuse of mankind. 10
 As if the new Rome, which your schemes unfold,
 Were to be built on rapine, like the old,
 While her asylum openly provides
 For every ruffian every nation hides.

Will you still tempt the great avenger's blow, 15
 And force the bolt—which he is loath to throw?
 Have there too few already bit the plains,
 To make you seek new Prestons and Dumblains?
 If vengeance loses its effects so fast,
 Yet those of mercy, sure, should longer last. 20

Sy, is it rashness or despair provokes
 Your harden'd hearts to these repeated strokes?

Reply:—Behold, their looks their souls declare,
 All pale with guilt, and dumb with deep despair.
 Hear then, you sons of blood, your destin'd fate;
 Hear, ere you sin too soon, repent too late.
 Madly you try to weaken George's reign,
 And stem the stream of providence in vain.
 By right, by worth, by wonders, made our own,
 The hand that gave it shall preserve his throne.
 As vain your hopes to distant times remove,
 To try the second or the third from Jove;
 For 'tis the nature of that sacred line,
 To conquer monsters, and to grow divine.

ON THE KING OF SPAIN.

PALLAS, destructive to the Trojan line,
 Raz'd the proud walls, though built by hands
 divine:
 But Love's bright goddess, with propitious grace,
 Preserv'd a hero, and restor'd the race.
 Thus the fam'd empire where the Iber flows,
 Fell by Eliza, and by Anna rose.

VERSES

WRITTEN FOR THE TOASTING GLASSES
OF THE

KIT-KAT-CLUB. 1703.

LADY CARLISLE.

CARLISLE's a name can every muse inspire;
 To Carlisle fill the glass, and tune the lyre.
 With his lov'd bays the god of day shall crown
 A wit and lustre equal to his own.

THE SAME.

At once the sun and Carlisle took their way,
 To warm the frozen north, and kindle day;
 The flowers to both their glad creation ow'd,
 Their virtues he, their beauties she bestow'd.

LADY ESSEX.

The bravest hero, and the brightest dame;
 From Belgia's happy clime Britannia drew; 10
 One pregnant cloud we find does often frame
 The awful thunder and the gentle dew.

THE SAME.

To Essex fill the sprightly wine;
 The health's engaging and divine.
 Let purest odours scent the air, 15
 And wreaths of roses bind our hair:
 In her chaste lips these blushing lie,
 And those her gentle sighs supply.

LADY HYDE.

The god of wine grows jealous of his art,
 He only fires the head, but Hyde the heart. 20
 The queen of love looks on, and smiles to see
 A nymph more mighty than a deity.

ON LADY HYDE IN CHILD-BED.

Hyde, though in agonies, her graces keeps;
 A thousand charms the nymph's complaints adorn;
 In tears of dew so mild Aurora weeps, 25
 But her bright offspring is the cheerful morn.

LADY WHARTON.

When Jove to Ida did the gods invite,
 And in immortal toasting pass'd the night,
 With more than nectar he the banquet bless'd;
 For Wharton was the Venus of the feast. 30

PROLOGUE

DESIGNED FOR TAMERLANE.

TO DAY a mighty hero comes, to warm
 Your curdling blood, and bid you, Britons, arm,
 To valour much he owes, to virtue more;
 He fights to save, and conquers to restore.
 He strains no text, nor makes dragoons persuade; 5
 He likes religion, but he hates the trade.
 Born for mankind, they by his labour live;
 Their property is his prerogative.
 His sword destroys less than his mercy saves,
 And none, except his passions, are his slaves. 10
 Such, Britons, is the prince that you possess;
 In council greatest, and in camps no less:
 Brave, but not cruel; wise without deceit;
 Born for an age curs'd with a Bajazet.
 But you, disdaining to be too secure, 15
 Ask his protection, and yet grudge his power.
 With you a monarch's right is in dispute;
 Who gives supplies are only absolute.
 Britons, for shame! your factious feuds decline,
 Too long you've labour'd for the Bourbon line: 20
 Assert lost rights, an Austrian prince alone
 Is born to nod upon a Spanish throne.
 A cause no less could on great Eugene call;
 Steep Alpine rocks require an Hannibal:
 He shows you your lost honour to retrieve; 25
 Our troops will fight, when once the senate give.
 Quit your cabals and factions, and in spite
 Of Whig and Tory, in this cause unite.
 One vote will then send Anjou back to France
 There let the meteor end his airy dance: 30
 Else to the Mantuan soil he may repair,
 E'en abdicated gods were Latium's care,
 At worst, he'll find some Cornish borough here. 33

PROLOGUE

TO THE

MUSIC MEETING IN YORK-BUILDINGS.

WHERE music and more powerful beauties reign,
 Who can support the pleasure and the pain?
 Here their soft magic those two Syrens try,
 And if we listen, or but look, we die.
 Why should we then the wondrous tales admire,
 Of Orpheus' numbers, or Amphion's lyre;
 Of walls erected by harmonious skill,
 How mountains mov'd, and rapid streams stood still!
 Behold this scene of beauty, and confess
 The wonder greater, and the fiction less. 10
 Like human victims here we stand decreed
 To worship those bright altars where we bleed.
 Who braves his fate in fields, must tremble here;
 Triumphant love more vassals makes than fear.
 No faction homage to their fair denies; 15
 The right divine's apparent in their eyes.
 That empire's fix'd, that's founded in desire;
 Those flames, the vestals guard, can ne'er expire. 18

PROLOGUE

TO THE

CORNISH SQUIRE, A COMEDY.

WHO dares not plot in this good-natur'd age?
 Each place is privileg'd except the stage;
 There the dread phalanx of reformers come,
 Sworn foes to wit, as Carthage was to Rome;
 Their ears so sanctify'd, no scenes can please, 5
 But heavy hymns or pensive homilies:
 Truths; plainly told, their tender nature wound,
 Young rakes must, like old patriarchs, expound;
 The painted punk the proselyte must play,
 And bawds, like *fills-devotes*, procure and pray. 10

How nature is inverted ! soon you'll see
 Senates unanimous, and sects agree,
 Jews at extortion rail, and monks at mystery.
 Let characters be represented true,
 An airy sinner makes an awkward prue. 15
 With force and fitting freedom vice arraign ;
 Though pulpits flatter, let the stage speak plain.
 If Verres gripes the poor, or Nænius write,
 Call that the robber, this the parasite.
 Ne'er aim to make an eagle of an owl ; 20
 Cinna's a statesman ; Sydrophel a tool.
 Our censurers with want of thought dispense,
 But tremble at the hideous sin of sense.
 Who would not such hard fate as ours bemoan,
 Indicted for some wit, and damn'd for none ? 25
 But if, to-day, some scandal should appear,
 Let those precise Tartuffs bind o'er Moliere.
 Poet, and Papist too, they'll surely maul,
 There's no indulgences at Hicks's-hall.
 Gold only can their pious spite allay, 30
 They call none criminals that can but pay ;
 The heedless shrines with victims they invoke,
 They take the fat, and give the gods the smoke. 33

PROLOGUE

Spoken at the opening of the Queen's Theatre in the Haymarket.

SUCH was our builder's art, that, soon as nam'd,
 This fabric, like the infant world, was fram'd.
 The architect must on dull order wait,
 But 'tis the poet only can create.
 None else, at pleasure, can duration give : 35
 When marble fails, the muses' structures live.
 The Cyprian fane is now no longer seen,
 Though sacred to the name of love's fair queen.
 E'en Athens scarce in pompous ruin stands,
 Though finish'd by the learn'd Minerva's hands. 40

More sure presages from these walls we find,
 By beauty * founded, and by wit design'd.
 In the good age of ghostly ignorance,
 How did cathedrals rise, and zeal advance!
 The merry monks said orisons at ease, 15
 Large were their meals, and light their penances;
 Pardons for sins were purchas'd with estates,
 And none but rogues in rags died reprobates,
 But now, that pious pageantry's no more,
 And stages thrive, as churches did before; 20
 Your own magnificence you here survey,
 Majestic columns stand, where dunghills lay,
 And cars triumphal rise from carts of hay.
 Swains here are taught to hope, and nymphs to fear,
 And big Almanzor's fight mocks Blenheim's here. 25
 Descending goddesses adorn our scenes,
 And quit their bright abodes for gilt machines.
 Should Jove, for this fair circle, leave his throne,
 He'd meet a lightning fiercer than his own.
 Though to the sun his towering eagles rise,
 They scarce could bear the lustre of these eyes. 31

EPILOGUE

TO THE

TRAGEDY OF CATO.

WHAT odd fantastic things we women do!
 Who would not listen when young lovers woo?
 What! die a maid, yet have the choice of two!
 Ladies are often cruel to their cost;
 To give you pain, themselves they punish most. 5
 Vows of virginity should well be weigh'd;
 Too oft they're cancell'd, though in convents made.
 Would you revenge such rash resolves—you may
 Be spiteful—and believe the thing we say;
 We hate you, when you're easily said nay. 10
 How needless, if you knew us, were your fears!
 Let love have eyes, and beauty will have ears.

Our hearts are form'd, as you yourselves would choofe ;
 Too proud to ask, too humble to refuse ;
 We give to merit, and to wealth we sell ; 15
 He fighs with moft fuccefs that settles well.
 The woes of wedlock with the joys we mix ;
 'Tis beft repenting in a coach and fix.
 Blame not our conduct, fince we but purfue
 Thofe lively leffons we have learn'd from you : 20
 Your breasts no more the fire of beauty warms,
 But wicked wealth ufurps the power of charms.
 What pains to get the gaudy thing you hate,
 To fwell in fhew, and be a wretch in ftate !
 At plays you ogle, at the ring you bow ; 25
 E'en churches are no fanctuaries now ;
 There golden idols all your vows receive ;
 She is no goddefs who has nought to give.
 Oh may once more the happy age appear,
 When words are artlefs, and the thoughts fincere ; 30
 When gold and grandeur were unenvy'd things,
 And courts lefs coveted than groves and fprings,
 Love then fhall only mourn when truth complains,
 And conftancy feel tranfport in its chains ;
 Sighs with fuccefs their own foft anguifh tell, 35
 And eyes fhall utter what the lips conceal :
 Virtue again to its bright ftation climb,
 And beauty fear no enemy but time :
 The fair fhall liften to defert alone,
 And every Lucia find a Cato's fon. 40

A SOLILOQUY,

OUT OF ITALIAN.

COULD he whom my difsembled rigour grieves,
 But know what torment to my foul it gives ;
 He'd find how fondly I return his flame,
 And want myfelf the pity he would claim,
 Immortal gods ! why has your doom decreed 5
 Two wounded hearts with equal pangs fhould bleed ?
 Since that great law which your tribunal guides,
 Has join'd in love whom deftiny divides ;

MISCELLANIES.

Repent, ye powers, the injuries you cause,	81
Or change our natures, or reform your laws.	10
Unhappy partner of my killing pain,	
Think what I feel the moment you complain,	
Each sigh you utter wounds my tenderest part,	
So much my lips misrepresent my heart.	
When from your eyes the falling drops distil,	15
My vital blood in every tear you spill :	
And all those mournful agonies I hear,	
Are but the echoes of my own despair.	18

AN

IMITATION OF A FRENCH AUTHOR.

CAN you count the silver lights	
That deck the skies, and cheer the nights ;	
Or the leaves that strow the vales,	
When groves are stript by winter gales ;	
Or the drops that in the morn	5
Hang with transparent pearl the thorn ;	
Or bridegroom's joys, or miser's cares,	
Or gamester's oaths, or hermit's prayers ;	
Or envy's pangs, or love's alarms,	
Or Marlborough's acts, or ——n's charms ?	10

ANACREONTIC EPISTLE TO MR. GAY,

ON HIS POEMS.

WHEN fame did o'er the spacious plain	
The lays she once had learn'd repeat ;	
All listen'd to the tuneful strain,	
And wonder'd who could sing so sweet.	
'Twas thus. The graces held the lyre,	5
The harmonious frame the muses strung,	
The loves and smiles compos'd the choir,	
And Gay transcrib'd what Phœbus sung.	8

H

TO THE
MERRY POETASTER,

AT SADLER'S HALL IN CHEAPSIDE.

UNWIELDY pedant, let thy awkward muse
With censures praise, with flatteries abuse.
To lash, and not be felt, in thee's an art :
Thou ne'er mad'st any, but thy school-boys, smart.
Then be advis'd, and scribble not again ;
Thou'rt fashion'd for a flail, and not a pen.
If B——l's immortal wit thou would'st descry,
Pretend 'tis he that writ thy poetry.
Thy feeble satire ne'er can do him wrong ;
Thy poems and thy patients live not long.

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